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William A. Morgan
October, 1953

THE COWLEY CAROL BOOK

THE COWLEY CAROL BOOK

Complete Edition

With Music, 4/6.
Words only, 6*d.*

Separate Carols

In leaflet form with Music at 1½*d.* each:

Nos. 4, 6, 16, 25, 28, 67, and 68.

The COWLEY CAROL BOOK

For Christmas, Easter, and Ascensiontide

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY
GEORGE RATCLIFFE WOODWARD, MUS.DOC.
AND
CHARLES WOOD, MUS.DOC.

A. R. MOWBRAY & CO. LIMITED
LONDON AND OXFORD

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2065
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1950

FIRST SERIES
First published in 1902

SECOND SERIES
First published in 1919

COMPLETE EDITION
First published in 1947
New impression, 1950

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
A. R. MOWBRAY & CO. LIMITED, LONDON AND OXFORD
0300

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE Cowley Carol Book was for many years published in two Series. For greater convenience a combined volume has now been substituted, with a single list of Contents. Both Prefaces have been retained, as being of interest in revealing the origins and sources of this famous collection of carols.

1947

PREFACE TO THE FIRST SERIES

IN answer to a request that he should compile a small volume of Carols for use in the Church of S. John the Evangelist, Cowley, the Editor of this work put forth, in the Autumn of 1901, a series of thirty-nine Carols, entitled, *The Cowley Carol Book.* This publication has been well received, and already a Second Edition is called for. The Editor has gladly availed himself of this opportunity to enlarge and improve his book. All the words contained in the first will be found in the second issue, but additions have been made. Here and there some of the harmonies, however, have been altered slightly, or written anew.

The contents and treasures of those most admirable collections of *Carols for Christmas-tide*, 1853, and *Carols for Easter-tide*, 1854, by the Rev. J. M. Neale and the Rev. T. Helmore, have again been freely drawn upon. In the New Edition (containing sixty-five Carols in all) no fewer than twenty-one can claim Dr. Neale for their Author. His words are given unaltered, except in one case (No. 50) where, owing to the exigencies of the music, a short Latin phrase has been substituted for two Alleluyas. Concerning the words of the other Carols, some, as Nos. 40 and 42, are in Latin; others, as Nos. 2 and 32, are of old English origin. For the remainder the Editor is himself responsible. They are, for the most part, translations of Latin or German Carols, ranging from the XIIth to the XVIth Century. In half a dozen instances, for some fine old melody's sake, the Editor has written words of his own. Fault has been found with the Latin lines which occur here and there interspersed amongst the English verse; but the Editor ventures to think that the rhythm and association of the original tongue is sufficient excuse for his not having altered the arrangement.

The source of the tunes, as well as of the words, is given, as far as possible, over the head of each Carol. From Peter of Nyland's *Piae Cantiones* again many of the loveliest airs in this book have been gathered. In Nos. 1 and 65 (3rd Tune), the chief melody is assigned, as was the custom of the XVIth Century, to the Tenor voice. Mr. W. S. Rockstro recommends a more general return to this practice. Nos. 11, 12 (1st Tune), 14, 22, 43, and 63, have more the character of *Chorales* than of Carols. Their venerable age, intrinsic merit, and skilful treatment by Joh. Seb. Bach almost compelled their admission into the first edition. It was proposed to remove them from the present issue (they being more fit for insertion in a forthcoming volume of *German Chorales*), but the publishers begged that they might be retained.

It is the Editor's duty and pleasure to thank Mr. B. Luard Selby, Mr. W. Shebbeare, Mr. E. W. Goldsmith, and especially the Rev. G. H. Palmer, and Dr. Charles Wood, for much valuable help and good taste in harmonizing the melodies. The fact that Dr. Charles Wood has revised and passed the proof-sheets of the music is a guarantee of its correctness. Among the faithful departed, the Editor records his gratitude for the learning and labours of the Revs. John Mason Neale, Thos. Helmore, Wm. John Blew, John Rob. Lunn, and of all the other well-known or unknown authors of the words and tunes contained in this collection.

G. R. W.

CADENABBIA, 1902

PREFACE TO THE SECOND SERIES

THIS small volume of seven-and-thirty Carols is intended to be a continuation of *The Cowley Carol Book*, published by Messrs. Mowbray & Co. in the October of 1902.

As regards the words thereof. Whenever traditional, original, or translated material happened to be ready at hand (the words exactly agreeing with the metre, rhythm, and character of the music note), then the labour, skill, poetry, and piety of Dr. John Mason Neale, and of others, has again been readily laid under contribution. But, because the greater part of the melodies, chosen for this second series of Cowley carols, demanded words in some peculiar or outlandish measure; and because your modern Carol-writer, as a rule, dislikes to be tied down to any unusual and difficult metre, that particular editor of this book, who is chiefly responsible for the selection of the aforesaid tunes, had no alternative but himself to set to work, and translate, or write, fresh carols, such as they are, but anyhow so versified and rimed as to suit the requirements of the music. This is the sole reason

for the frequent recurrence of the initials, G. R. W. If there be an old-world ring in some of these new Carol-words, apology is neither needed, nor conceded on the part of the author thereof: for it seems only fitting and appropriate that the words should be in keeping with the somewhat antiquated tunes whereto they have here been wedded.

Concerning the melodies. Be it repeated that these are, all of them, more or less ancient; and be it observed that, so far as is possible, the sources thereof are given in the head-lines over every carol in turn.

As for the harmonies. These are written in accordance with the style and musical rules of the age, century, or country, wherein the tunes themselves seem, or are known, to have originated.

Dr. Charles Wood (who corrected the proof-sheets of the music in the former volume of Cowley Carols, and to whom that book was indebted, *inter alia*, for the settings of "Blessed be that Maid Marie," "Sweet was the Song the Virgin sung," "This joyful Eastertide") is good enough to allow his name to figure, as co-editor, on the title-page of this present collection, which also contains many specimens of his handiwork.

It may be mentioned that six of the carols, viz. Nos. 67, 68, 70, 73, 82, and 83, have already appeared in *Songs of Syon* (Schott & Co.), 1910; but, in order that they may become more accessible to people in general, the above are now drafted into this second series of *The Cowley Carol Book*. But for the outbreak of the Great European War, this, or a similar, gathering together of carols had been printed in time for the Christmas of 1914.

Lastly, it is a pleasing duty gratefully to acknowledge the kindness and courtesy of the following publishers and gentlemen, who have given us free leave to make use of some of their musical work or copyright. Their names are as follows: Messrs. Chappell & Co. (New Bond Street) for permission to reprint William Byrde's setting of "Shall I go walk the woods so wild" (Carol No. 78); Messrs. Augener & Co., and Mr. Charles Volkert (Great Marlborough Street), for similar leave to reproduce three arrangements of old English dances by Dr. John Bull (Carols Nos. 69, 78, and 102); and Mr. E. W. Goldsmith for his harmonization of the tune of "Gathering peascods" (Carol No. 82).

G. R. W.

HIGHGATE, 1919

CONTENTS

PAGE

Prefaces - - - - - - - v

Christmas and Epiphany

A Babe is born in Bethlehem **1** - - - 4, 5
A day, a day of glory **37** - - - - 52
A Star doth bedizen **72** - - - - - 96
A Virgin most pure **66** - - - - - 86
Ad cantum leticie **40** - - - - - 56
Ah! Lord God, the world's Creator **83** - - - 110
An Infant lay within a shed **35** - - - - 50
Bethlehem-Juda, 'twas there on a morn **84** - - 112
Blessed be that Maid Marie **2** - - - - 6
Childing of a Maiden bright **3** - - - - 7
Christ was born on Christmas Day **4** - - - 8
Come, listen to my story **5** - - - - 10
Come, rock the cradle for Him **36** - - - 51
Dawn of Jacob's star inciteth **92** - - - 119
Descend from heav'n, ye Angels, come **70** - - 93
Earth today rejoices **6** - - - - - 12
Earthly friends will change and falter **28** - - 40, 42
Eastern Monarchs, Sages three **38** - - - 53
Ever-Virgin undefiled **85** - - - - 113
From church to church the bells' glad tidings run **7** - 13, 14
Gabriel's message does away **8** - - - - 15
God loved the world so that He gave **9** - - - 16
Good King Wenceslas look'd out **10** - - - 17
Hail! Babe, of God the very Son **34** - - - 49
Hail! Jesu Christ, blessèd for aye **11** - - - 18
Here is joy for every age **30** - - - - 44
I heard an Infant weeping **90** - - - - 117
In Bethlehem city, on Christmas-day morn **77** - 101
In dulci iubilo **12** - - - - - - 20, 22
In the ending of the year **13** - - - - 23
Iure plaudant omnia **81** - - - - - 107
Joy! Joy! from every steeple **87** - - - 114
King Jesus hath a garden **67** - - - - 88
Listen, lordings, unto me **89** - - - - 116
Lo! a wonder-star doth shine **33** - - - 48
Make we joy now in this fest **27** - - - 38
Nowell! Nowell! Good news I tell **14** - - - 24

PAGE
O'er the hill and o'er the vale **16** - - - - 26
Of these four letters sing will I **74** - - - 98
On the birthday of the Lord **17** - - - 27
One Yule-night, as abed I lay **91** - - - 118
Patrem parit filia **42** - - - - - 57
Psallite unigenito **71** - - - - - 94
Royal day that chasest gloom **18** - - - 28
St. Joseph, meek and mild **82** - - - - 108
Shepherds, in the field abiding **68** - - - 90
Sweet was the song the Virgin sung **32** - - 46
The Hymn for conquering Martyrs raise **79** - - 104
The noble stem of Jesse **19** - - - - 29
The Son of God is born for all **21** - - - 32
There came three kings from eastern land **20** - - 30
There comes a galley, laden **31** - - - - 45
There Joseph on his sleeping lay **88** - - - 116
Through Gabriel his message mild **75** - - - 99
To Bethlem Shepherd-brethren ran **69** - - - 92
To us is born a little Child **22** - - - - 33, 34
To us is born a little Child **23** - - - - 35
To-day Maiden Mary, foretold by the Seer **76** - - 100
To-day the light of Angels bright **24** - - - 36
Touching grace we Princes three **41** - - - 56
Unto us is born a Son **25** - - - - 37
Up! good Christen folk, and listen **29** - - - 43
Welcome, Christmas, welcome here **80** - - - 106
Whenas the WORD divine had found **86** - - - 114
Whom of old the shepherds praisèd **26** - - - 38
Whom the Sire of heav'n begot **78** - - - 102
Wo, Jesu, is me **73** - - - - - 97
Would'st thou magnify the story **39** - - - 54
Young and old must raise the lay **15** - - - 25

PASSIONTIDE

Coenam cum discipulis **93** - - - - 120
On the wood his arms are stretch'd **93** - - 120

EASTER

Christ the Lord hath risen **43** - - - - 58
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain **96** - - - 125
Days grow longer, Sunbeams stronger **58** - - 74
Easter-day, no man may **98** - - - - 127
Farewell, night with mist o'ershrouded **101** - - 131
Give ear, give ear, good Christian men! **45** - - 60
Hail, Easter bright, in glory dight! **46** - - - 61

PAGE
Holy Church must raise the lay **55** - - - 70
Jesus Christ is risen **44** - - - - - 59
Jesus, to save mankind forlorn **54** - - - 69
Jesu, Who in bitter pain **62** - - - - 78
Let the merry church bells ring **47** - - - 62
Let the song be begun **56** - - - - 72
Let us tell the story **48** - - - - - 62
Magdalen, cease from sobs and sighs **94** - - 122
Now Spring is come, and earth renew'd **99** - - 128
On Easter-morn, ere break of day **100** - - 130
Sing Alleluya, all ye lands! **57** - - - - 73
Tell it out, the story **95** - - - - - 124
The morning of salvation **49** - - - - 64
The teams are waiting in the field **102** - - - 132
The world itself is blithe and gay **60** - - - 76
The world itself keeps Easter Day **50** - - 65
This joyful Easter-tide **51** - - - - 66
'Twas about the dead of night **52** - - - 67
We will be merry, far and wide **61** - - - 77
Winter-tide hath passed away **53** - - - 68
Ye heav'ns, uplift your voice **59** - - - - 74

Ascensiontide

Christ before th'Eleven **63** - - - - 80
God is gone up on high to-day **64** - - - 81, 82
Sun, if thou think thy sphere **97** - - - 126
To-day we tell the story **65** - - - 83, 84, 85

THE

COWLEY CAROL BOOK

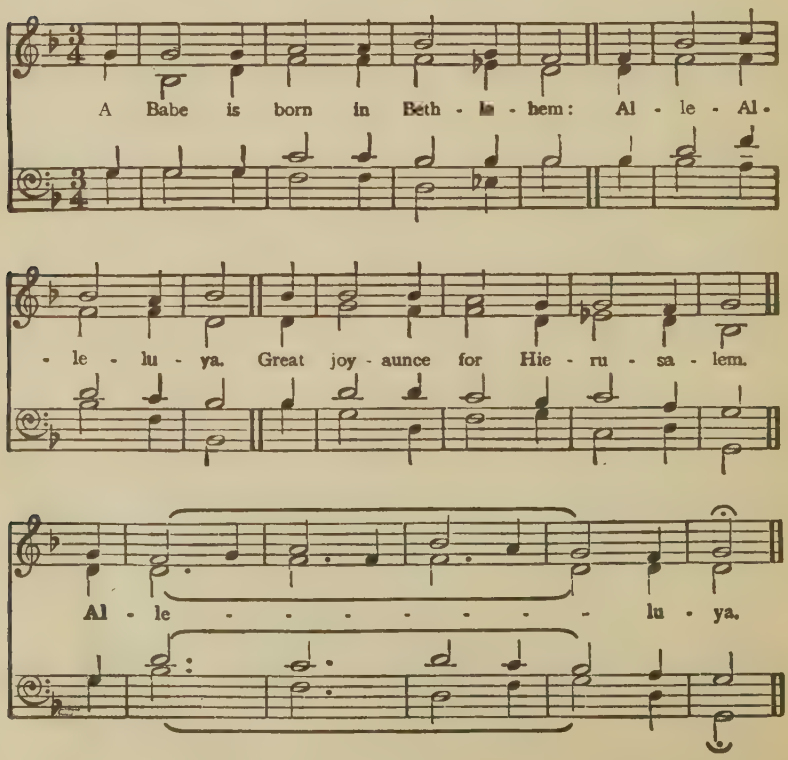
FOR

CHRISTMAS, EASTER, AND ASCENSIONTIDE

1 First Tune — A Babe is Born in Bethlehem

Puer natus in Bethlehem

¶ Words and Melody of the XIV Cent., if not earlier. The Chief Melody lies in the Tenor. The Tenor and Descant, in the Dorian and Hypo-Dorian modes, both from Peter of Nyland's *Piae Cantiones*, Greifswald, 1582.



2 The Father's Word on high doth take
A mortal form for mortals' sake.
Alleluya.

3 Through Gabriel his greeting mild
The Virgin hath conceiv'd a child.
Alleluya.

4 Born of His mother, maid Marie,
No earthly father knoweth He.
Alleluya.

5 He took our flesh, to man akin,
In all things like us, save in sin.
Alleluya.

6 Soothly to make man's feeble race
Like God, and like Himself by grace.
Alleluya.

7 Both ox and ass, though beasts they be,
Yet in that Child their Master see.
Alleluya.

8 In narrow crib He lieth low,
King everywhere and evermo.
Alleluya.

9 An Angel gave the swains a sign
Whereby to ken the Babe divine.
Alleluya.

10 From Saba come kings to their King;
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh they bring.
Alleluya.

11 Into the house full fain they press,
The kingly Babe each for to bless.
Alleluya.

12 Now, Yule-tide come, sing high, sing low,
Benedicamus Domino.
Alleluya.

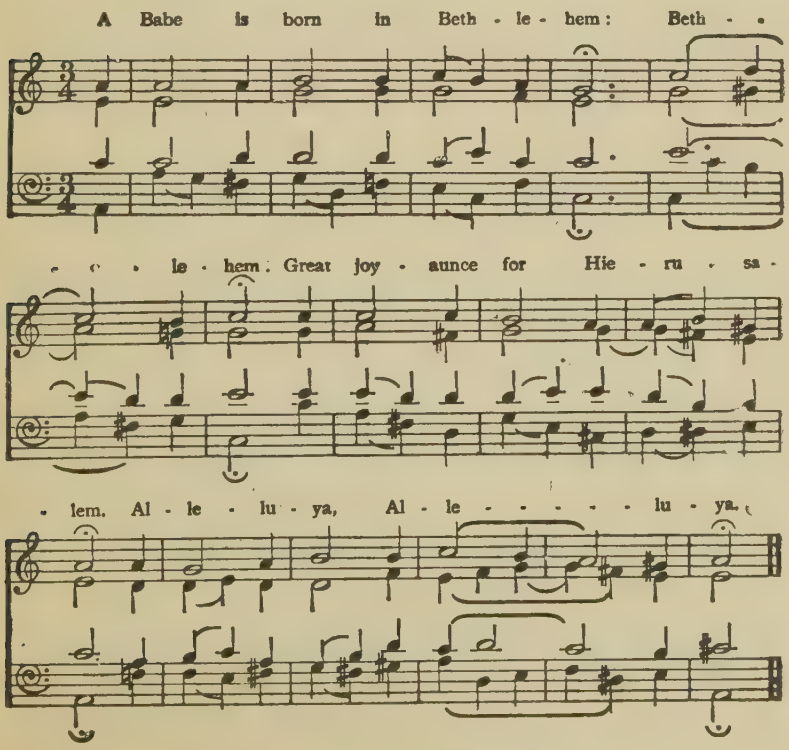
13 To Thee, good Lord, be glory paid,
Thou Babe of Mary mother-maid.
Alleluya.

14 To Holy Trinity give praise,
With *Deo gracias* always. Alleluya.

1 Second Tune — A Babe is Born in Bethlehem

Puer natus in Bethlehem.

¶ The Descant of the preceding harmonized as a new Melody by Joh. Seb. Bach.



2 Blessed be that Maid Marie

¶ An Old English Carol (Sloane MS., 2593) modernized. Melody, from William Ballet's Lute Book, harmonized by Dr. Chas. Wood.

Bles - sed be that Maid Ma - rie; Born He was of

her bo - dy; Ve - ry God ere time be - gan,

Born in time the Son of Man. *E - ya! Ihe - sus*

ho - di - e Na - tus est de Vir - gi - ne.

2 In a manger of an ass
Jesu lay and lullèd was;
Born to die upon the Tree
Pro peccante homine.
Eya! etc.

3 Sweet and blissful was the song
Chanted of the Angel throng,
"Peace on earth," Alléluya.
In excelsis gloria.
Eya! etc.

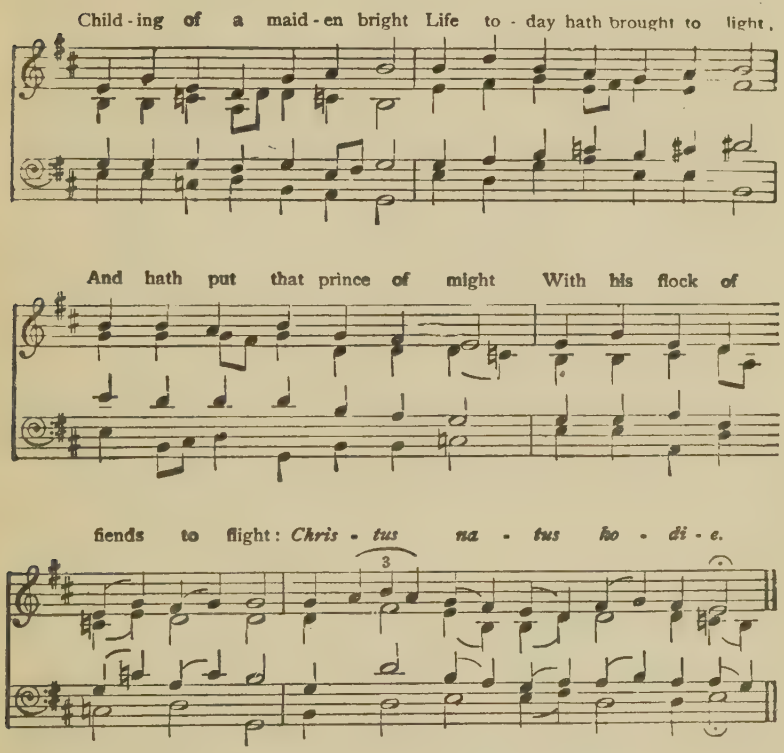
4 Fare three Kings from far-off land,
Incense, gold and myrrh in hand;
In Bethlem the Babe they see,
Stelle ducti lumine.
Eya! etc.

5 Make we merry on this fest,
In quo Christus natus est;
On this Child I pray you call
To assoil and save us all.
Eya! etc.

3 Childing of a Maiden Bright

Quem nunc Virgo peperit

¶ Words (XIV Cent.) from Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus.* Melody (XI or XII Cent.), in the Dorian Mode, from a Palencia Antiphoner, harmonized by Rev. G. H. Palmer.



2 Whoso aught hath done amiss,
An it rue him sore for this,
Mary's Babe will shrive i-wis,
Gentle as a lamb He is:
Miserere, Domine.

3 He at Bethlehem was born,
Salem gave Him crown of thorn,
Life of want and death of scorn—
All for love of man forlorn.
Ergo benedicite.

4 On this Infant may we call,
Born for man in oxen-stall:
He vouchsafe us bliss withal
In His everlasting hall.
Cum Maria Virgine.

4 Christ was born on Christmas Day

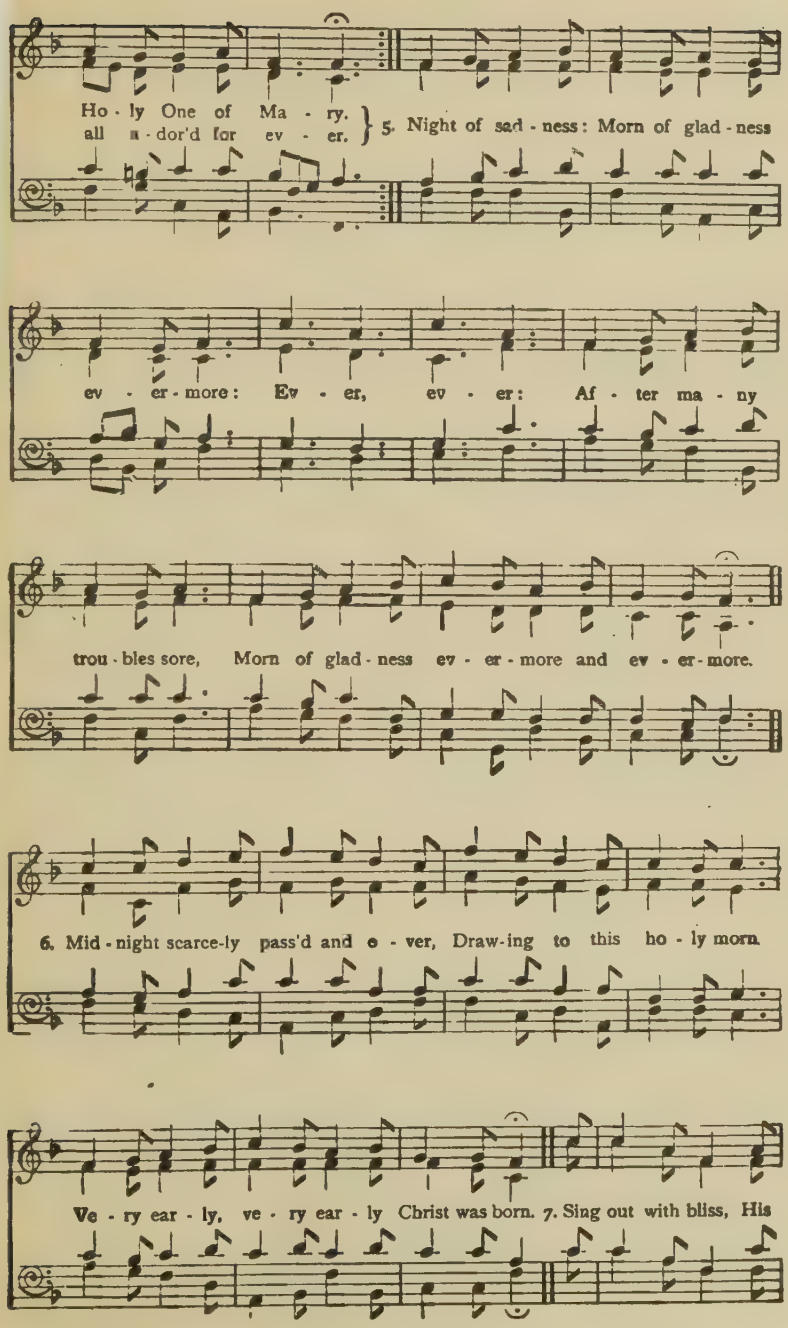
¶ Words written by Dr. Neale for the old German Melody of *Resonet in laudibus*, from *Piae Cantiones*, in the VIJ or Mixo-Lydian Mode. Harmonized chiefly by Rev. G. R. Woodward.

1. Christ was born on Christmas Day; Wreath the hol - ly, twine the bay;
2. He is born to set us free, He is born our Lord to be,

Chris-tus na - tus ho - di - e: The Babe, the Son, the Ho - ly One of
Ex Ma-ri - a Vir - gi - ne: The God, the Lord, by all a - dor'd for

Ma - ry. 3. Let the bright red ber - ries glow Ev - ry - where in
ev - er. 4. Chris-tian men, re - joice and sing; 'Tis the birth - day

good - ly show; *Chris - tus na - tus ho - di - e:* The Babe, the Son, the
of a King, *Ex Ma - ri - a Vir - gi - ne:* The God, the Lord, by


Ho - ly One of Ma - ry.
all a - dor'd for ev - er.
5. Night of sad - ness: Morn of glad - ness
ev - er - more: Ev - er, ev - er: Af - ter ma - ny
trou - bles sore, Morn of glad - ness ev - er - more and ev - er - more.
6. Mid - night scarce-ly pass'd and e - ver, Draw - ing to this ho - ly morn
Ve - ry ear - ly, ve - ry ear - ly Christ was born. 7. Sing out with bliss, His

Name is this: Em-man-u-el: As was fore-told in days of old By

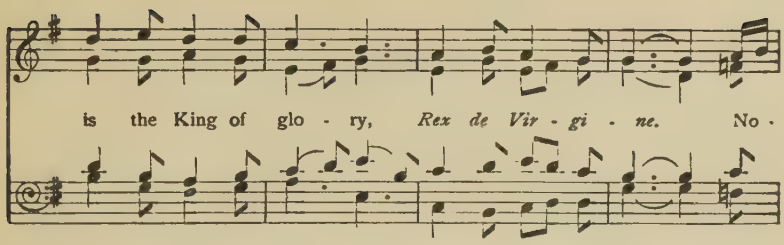
Ga-bri-el. 8. Mid-night scarce-ly pass'd and o-ver, Draw-ing to this

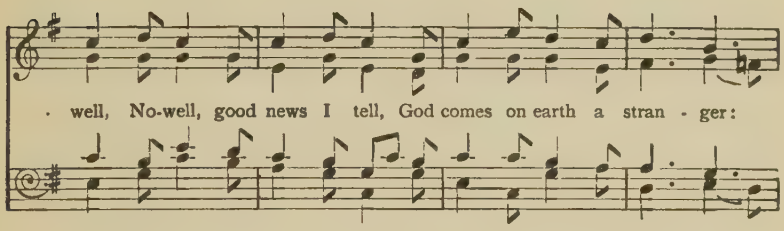
ho-ly morn, Ve-ry ear-ly, ve-ry ear-ly Christ was born.

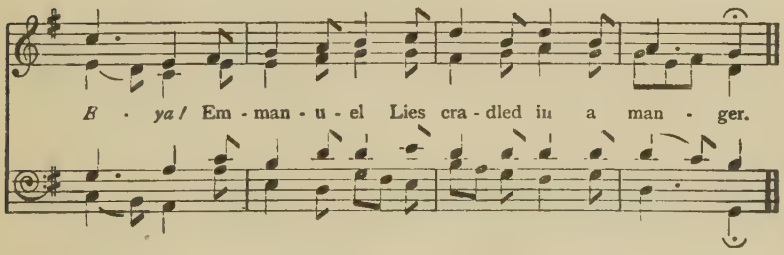
5 Come, Listen to my Story

¶ Words written by the Editor of The Cowley Carol Book for the tune of *The Noble Shirbe*—an English Melody of the XVI Cent. at latest. and harmonized chiefly by the Rev. J. R. Lunn.

Come, lis-ten to my sto-ry, *Chris-tus na-tus ho-di-e:* Born







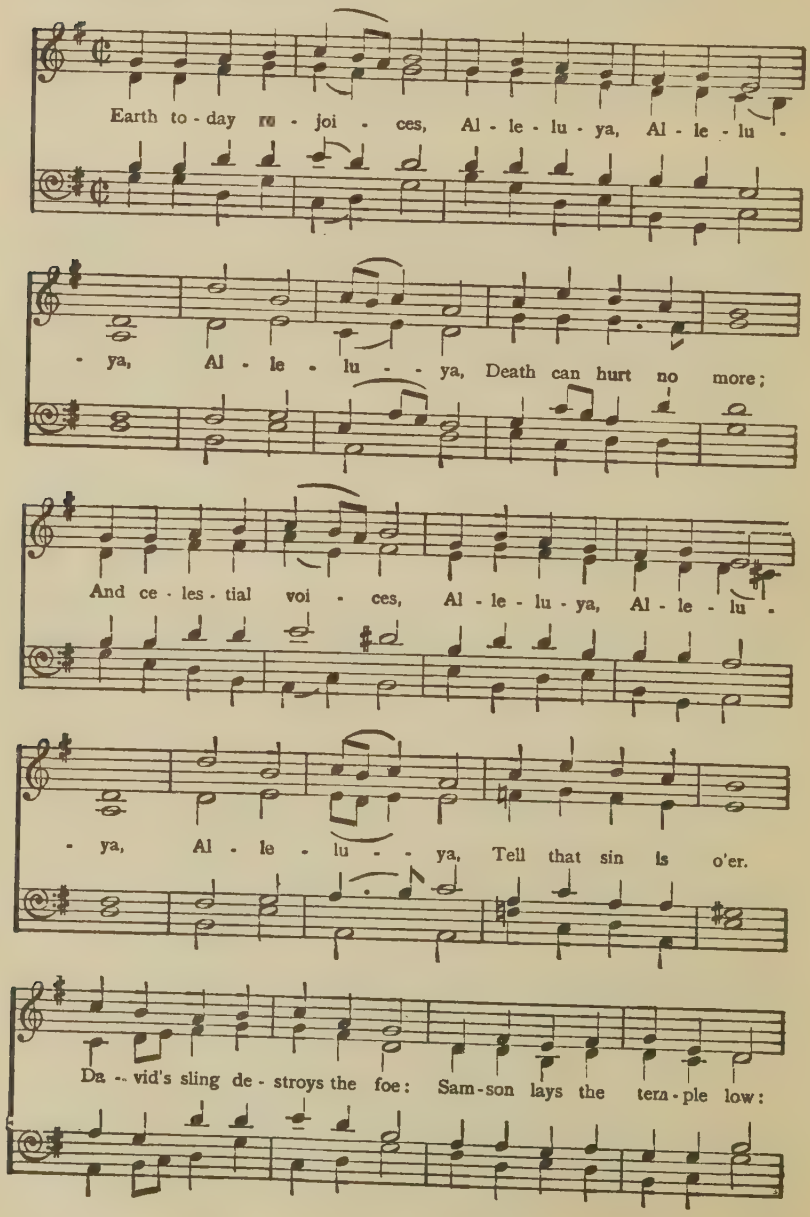
2 Came angels down, a number,
On the midnight of His birth:
"Ye shepherds, wake from slumber:
Peace, goodwill on earth,
And bliss on high," the Angels cry,
"To you is born and given,
Eya! of maid Marie,
Th' Almighty Lord of heaven."

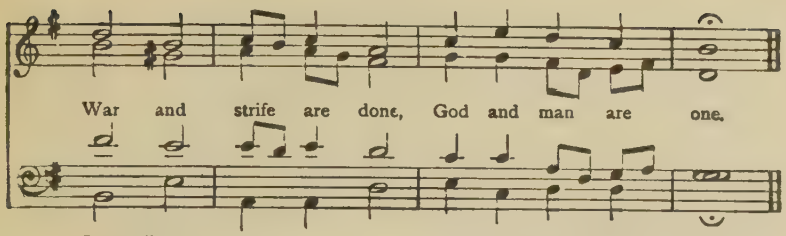
3 Then rode three kings together,
Over desert, hill, and dale;
Nought caring for the weather,
Sleet, and snow, and hail.
They came from far, led by a star,
With beams that never vary:
Eya! full fain they are
To see the Babe of Mary.

4 Away then banish sorrow;
Nato Regi psallite:
Sith Christ is born this morrow,
Benedicite.
With Angels eke and shepherds meek,
And with yon Eastern Sages,
Eya! let us go seek
The new-born King of ages.

6 Earth to-day rejoices

¶ Words by Dr. Neale, to the tune of *Ave maris stella lucens miseris*, a Phrygian Mode Melody to be found in *Piae Cantiones*. Harmony by the Editor of this Work.





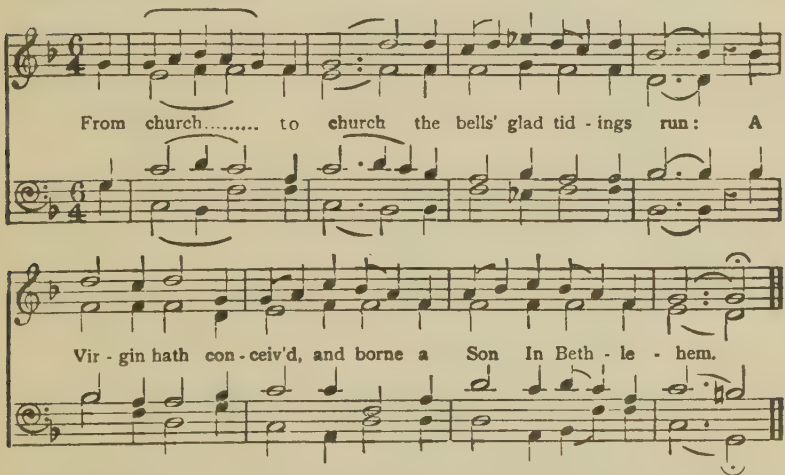
2 Reconciliation,
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya,
Peace that lasts for aye,
Gladness and salvation,
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya,
Came on Christmas Day.
Gideon's Fleece is wet with dew,
Solomon is crown'd anew:
War and strife are done,
God and man are one.

3 Though the cold grows stronger,
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya,
Though the world loves night,
Yet the days grow longer,
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya,
Christ is born our Light.
Now the Dial's type is learnt,
Burns the Bush that is not burnt:
War and strife are done;
God and man are one.

7 First Tune — from Church to Church

Congaudeat turba fidelium

¶ Words (in Du Méril and Daniel) taken from a MS. of the XI Cent. Versified by Dr. Neale. Melody, in the Hypo-Dorian Mode, harmonized by Rev. G. H. Palmer.



2 And Angel hosts, the midnight of His birth, [earth,"
Sang "Glory be to God, and peace on
In Bethlehem.

3 "Now go we forth, and see this wondrous thing," [born King
The Shepherds said, "and seek the new-
In Bethlehem."

4 Then Herod sought the Royal Son to slay, [and pray
Who rather should have come to kneel
In Bethlehem.

5 The Star went leading on from East to West: [rest
The Wise men follow'd, till they saw it
In Bethlehem.

6 Their frankincense, and myrrh, and gold they bring, [King
To hail the God, the Mortal, and the
In Bethlehem.

7 With threefold gifts the Threefold God three praise, [raise,
Who thus vouchsaf'd the sons of man to
In Bethlehem.

7 Second Tune

From Church to Church

Congaudeat turba fidelium

¶ The preceding differently harmonized by Mr. Wilfrid G. A. Shebbeare.

From church..... to church..... the

bells' glad ti - dings run:..... A Vir - gin hath con -

- ceiv'd, and borne a Son In Beth - le - hem.....

2 And Angel hosts, the midnight of His birth,
Sang "Glory be to God, and peace on earth,"
In Bethlehem.

3 "Now go we forth, and see this wondrous thing,"
The Shepherds said, "and seek the new-born King
In Bethlehem."

4 Then Herod sought the Royal Son to slay,
Who rather should have come to kneel and pray
In Bethlehem.

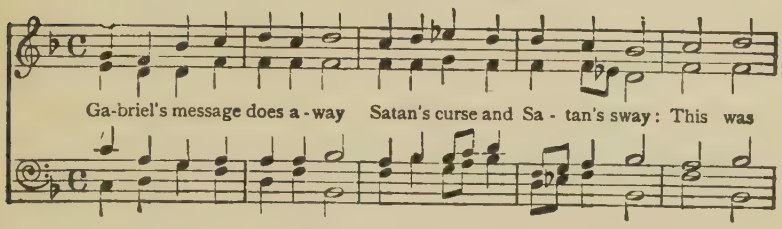
5 The Star went leading on from East to West:
The Wise men follow'd, till they saw it rest
In Bethlehem.

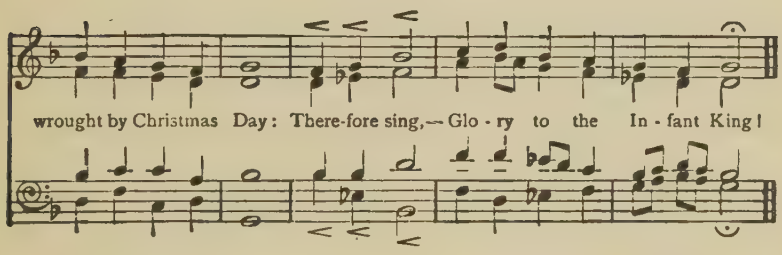
6 Their frankincense, and myrrh, and gold they bring,
To hail the God, the Mortal, and the King
In Bethlehem.

7 With threefold gifts the Threefold God three praise,
Who thus vouchsaf'd the sons of man to raise,
In Bethlehem.

8 Gabriel's Message

¶ Words written by Dr. Neale for *Angelus emittitur*. A Melody, in the Hypo-Dorian Mode, from *Piae Cantiones*. Harmony by the Editor of this Book.





2 He that comes despis'd shall reign;
He that cannot die, be slain;
Death by death its death shall gain:
Therefore sing,—
Glory to the Infant King!

3 Like its like shall overthrow:
By a Tree prevail'd the foe;
From a Tree shall healing grow:
Therefore sing,—
Glory to the Infant King!

4 Man was lost a garden in;
In a garden man shall win;
Woman's faith end woman's sin:
Therefore sing,—
Glory to the Infant King!

5 Weakness shall the strong confound;
By the hands, in babe-clothes wound,
Adam's sin shall be unbound:
Therefore sing,—
Glory to the Infant King!

6 By the sword that was his own,
By that sword, and that alone,
Shall Goliath be o'erthrown:
Therefore sing,—
Glory to the Infant King!

7 Art by art shall be assail'd;
To the Cross shall Life be nail'd;
From the grave shall hope be hail'd:
Therefore sing,—
Glory to the Infant King!

8 Gabriel's message does away
Satan's curse and Satan's sway;
This was wrought by Christmas Day:
Therefore sing,—
Glory to the Infant King!

9 God Loved the World

Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt

¶ Words and tune from the Trier Gesangbuch, 1871. Harmonized by B. Luard Selby.

God loved the world so that He gave His on - ly

mf *p*

Son the world to save. Then sing for

mf

joy, sing for joy, Near and far, O and

f *pp*

A, Bless ye the Lord. Al - - le - lu - ya. ya.

Last verse.

f *rall.*

2 Our Saviour He, and chiefest good,
Like to our own, took flesh and blood.
Then sing for joy, etc.

3 The same that sitteth thron'd on high,
A Babe in lowly crib doth lie.
Then sing for joy, etc.

4 See, the Almighty Lord of all
Doth on the garb of common thrall.
Then sing for joy, etc.

5 Choosing Him poverty below,
To make man rich for evermo.
Then sing for joy, etc.

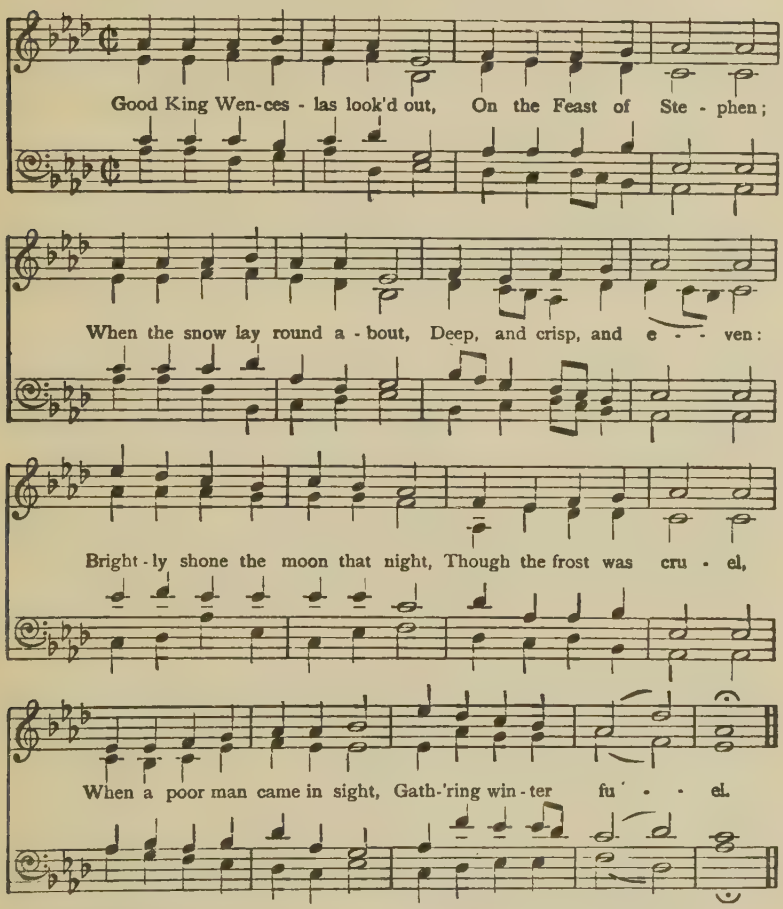
6 What! God the serf, and man the knight!
Sure, this of love the very height.
Then sing for joy, etc.

7 The gate of Eden once was barr'd,
But now no need of Cherub-guard.
Then sing for joy, etc.

8 Wherefore, I pray you, merry make,
And carol for the Baby's sake.
Then sing for joy, etc.

10 Good King Wenceslas

¶ Words by Dr. Neale. Melody of *Tempus adest floridum,* from *Piae Cantiones,* harmonized by the Editor of these Carols.



2 "Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

3 "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

4 "Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5 In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

11 Hail! Jesu Christ, Blessed for Aye

Gelobet seyst du, Jesu Christ

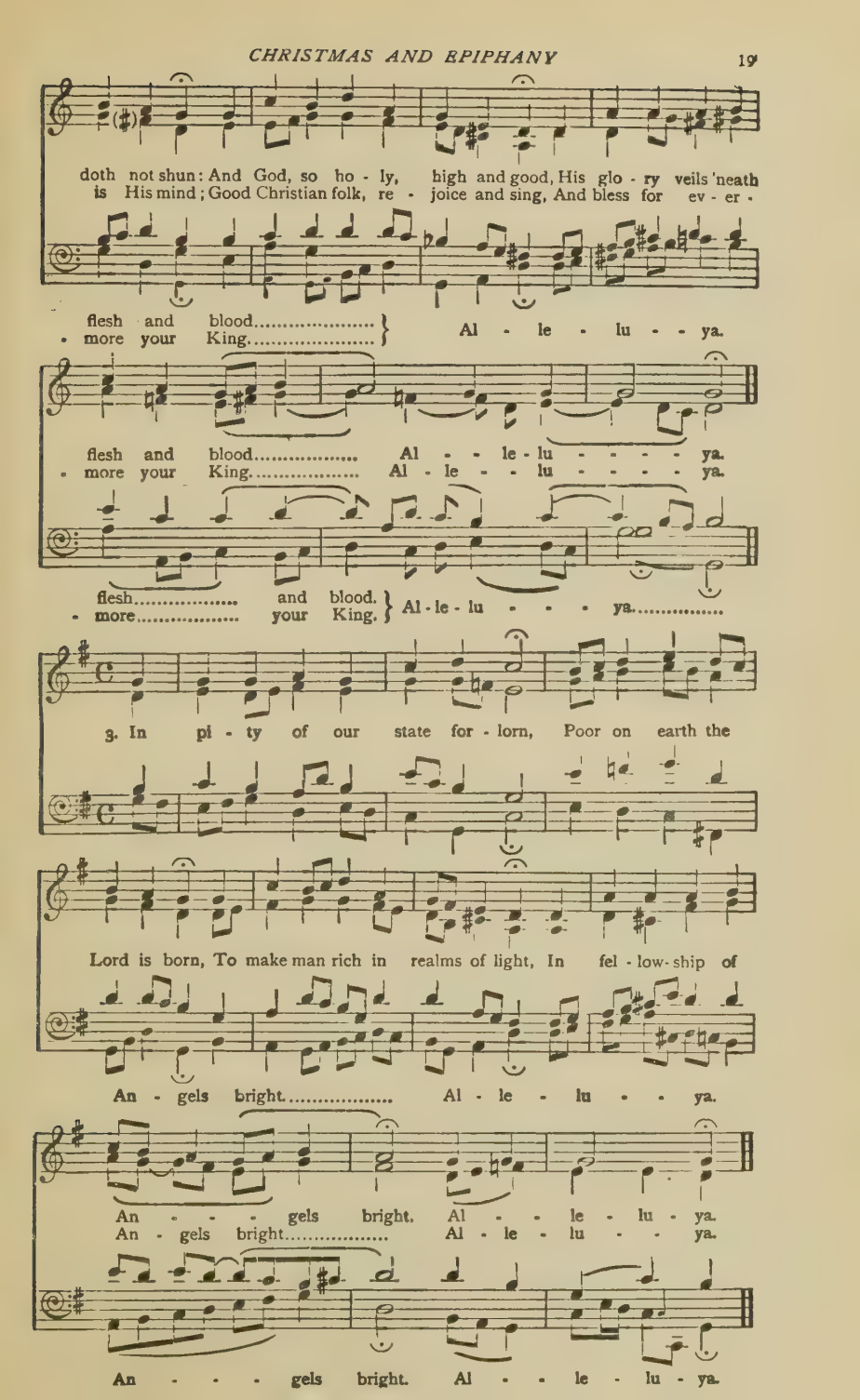
¶ Choral of the XV Cent., or earlier. An Hypo-mixo-Lydian Melody, thrice harmonized by Joh. Seb. Bach.

1. Hail! Je - su Christ, bles - sed for aye, Born for man true
4. Him Whom the wide world can - not hold, Now a mo - ther's

Man to - day; The Sons of God all shout for glee Be -
arms en - fold: Be - hold an In - fant weak and small, Whose

- fore the Babe of maid Ma - rie..... Al - le - lu - - ya.
hand up - hold - eth all in all..... Al - le - lu - - ya.

2. The Fa - ther's ev - er - last - ing Son Man - ger - cra dle
5. Thus hath He done for hu - man kind; Set on mer - cy


doth not shun: And God, so ho - ly, high and good, His glo - ry veils 'neath
is His mind; Good Christian folk, re - joice and sing, And bless for ev - er -
flesh and blood..... } Al - le - lu - - ya.
more your King.....
flesh and blood..... Al - - le - lu - - - - ya.
more your King..... Al - le - - lu - - - - ya.
flesh..... and blood. } Al - le - lu - - - ya.....
more..... your King.
3. In pi - ty of our state for - lorn, Poor on earth the
Lord is born, To make man rich in realms of light, In fel - low - ship of
An - gels bright..... Al - le - lu - - ya.
An - - - gels bright. Al - - le - lu - ya.
An - gels bright..... Al - le - lu - - ya.
An - - - gels bright. Al - - le - lu - ya.

12 First Tune. In Dulci Iubilo

¶ Words translated from the German by the Editor. XIV Cent. Melody, in the Lydian Mode, harmonized by Joh. Seb. Bach.

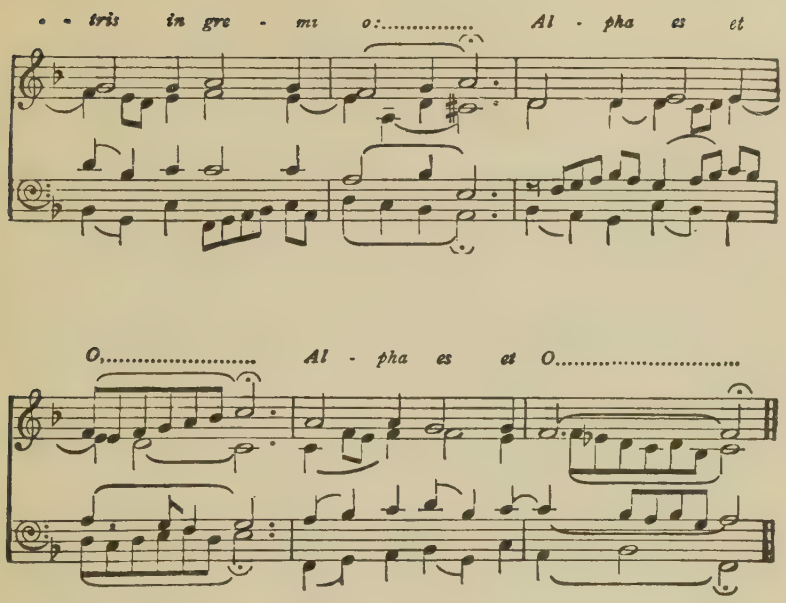
In dul - ci iu - - bi - lo..... Now

sing we all *i - o*:..... He, my love, my

won - - - der, Li'th *in pre - se - - pi -*

* *In ver. 4 omit this chord.*

- *o*..... Like a - ny sun - beam, yon - - der *Ma -*



2 *O Jesu parvule,*
I yearn for thee alway:
Listen to my ditty,
O puer optime,
Have pity on me, pity:
O princeps glorie,
Trahe me post te.

3 *O Patris Charitas,*
O Nati lenitas;
All with us was over,
Per nostra crimina:
But then thou didst recover
Celorum gaudia:
O that we were there!

4 *Ubi sunt gaudia*
If that they be not there?
Angels there are singing,
Nova cantica.
Sweet bells the while a-ringing
In regis curia:
O that we were there!

12 Second Tune — In Dulci Iubilo

¶ The same as preceding, harmonized by R. L. de Pearsall.

In dul - ci iu - bi - lo..... Now sing we all i -

** In ver. 4 omit this chord.*

- o..... He, my love, my won - der, Li'th in pre - se - pi -

- o,..... Like a - ny sun-beam, yon - der Ma - tris in gre - mi -

- o:..... Al - pha es et O,..... Al - pha es et O.

2 *O Jesu parvule,*
I yearn for thee alway:
Listen to my ditty,
O puer optime,
Have pity on me, pity:
O princeps glorie,
Trahe me post te.

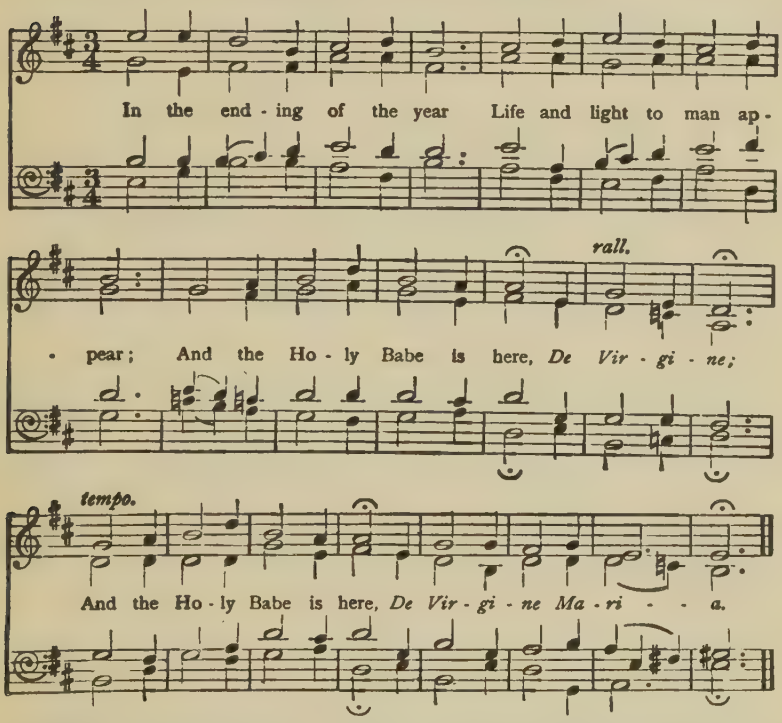
3 *O Patris Charitas,*
O Nati lenitas;
All with us was over,
Per nostra crimina:
But then thou didst recover
Celorum gaudia:
O that we were there!

4 *Ubi sunt gaudia*
If that they be not there?
Angels there are singing,
Nova cantica.
Sweet bells the while a-ringing
In regis curia:
O that we were there!

13 In the Ending of the Year

In hoc anni circulo

¶ Words of XIV Cent. Carol, translated by Dr. Neale. Melody from the Jistebnicz Kantional, circa 1420, taken from G. M. Dreves' *Cantiones Bohemicae,* and harmonized by Rev. G. R. Woodward.



2 What in ancient days was slain
This day calls to life again;
God is coming, God shall reign,
De Virgine;
God is coming, God shall reign,
De Virgine Maria.

3 From the desert grew the corn,
Sprang the lily from the thorn,
When the Infant King was born
De Virgine;
When the Infant King was born
De Virgine Maria.

4 On the straw He lays His head,
Hath a manger for His bed,
Thirsts and hungers and is fed
De Virgine;
Thirsts and hungers and is fed
De Virgine Maria.

5 Angel-hosts His praises sing,
Three wise men their off'rings bring,
Ox and ass adore the King,
Cum Virgine;
Ox and ass adore the King,
Cum Virgine Maria.

6 Wherefore let us all to-day
Banish sorrow far away,
Singing and exulting aye,
Cum Virgine;
Singing and exulting aye,
Cum Virgine Maria.

14 First Tune — Nowell! Nowell!

¶ Words written by the Editor for the old German Choral Melody, *Ach! Gott und Herr.* Harmonized by Joh. Seb. Bach.

No-well! No-well! Good news I tell, And eke a won-der - sto-ry: A

Vir-gin mild hath borne a Child, Je-sus, the King of glo-ry.

2 Ave Marie! O well is thee,
Thou daughter dear of Anna:
Before thy Son, that Holy One,
Archangels sing Osanna.

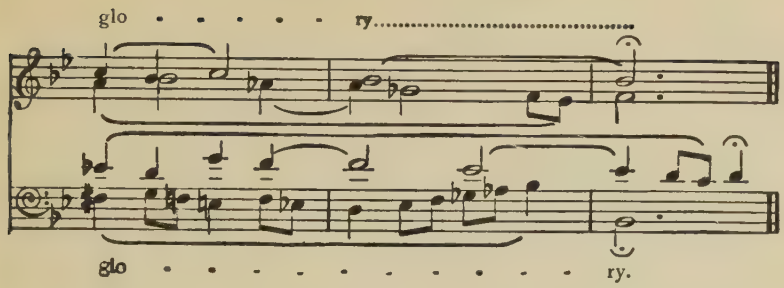
3 Then mass be sung, and bells be rung,
To greet this kingly Stranger:
Th' Ancient of days, mankind to raise,
Abhorreth not the manger.

14 Second Tune — Nowell! Nowell!

¶ Another harmony for the same by Joh. Seb. Bach.

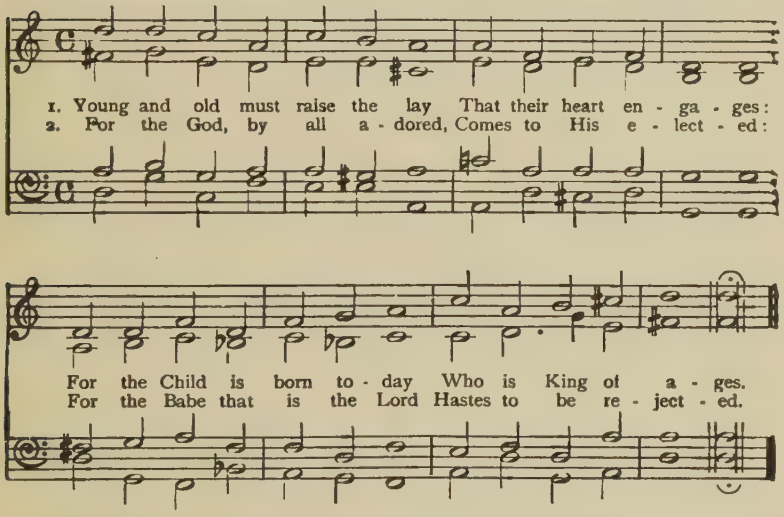
No-well! No-well! Good news I tell, And eke a won-der -

- sto - - ry: A Vir-gin mild hath borne a Child, Je-sus, the King of



15 Young and old must raise the lay

¶ Words by Dr. Neale. Old German Melody of *Universi populi*, harmonized by Michael Praetorius in his *Musae Syoniae*, 1610.



3 If the purple proves the King,
Where is goodly raiment?
If man needeth ransoming,
Who shall make the payment?

4 For the purple, here is grass;
For the throne, the manger;
For the courtiers, ox and ass
Kneel before the Stranger.

5 Joshua hastes to meet the foes,
Boastful and defiant:
David to His brethren goes,
And shall slay the giant.

6 Help is nigh to change our fate,
Help we may rely on;
Solomon, with royal state,
Shall be crowned in Gihon.

7 Through the desert as we go,
Sorrowful and fearing,
From the Rock the waters flow,
That shall work our cheering.

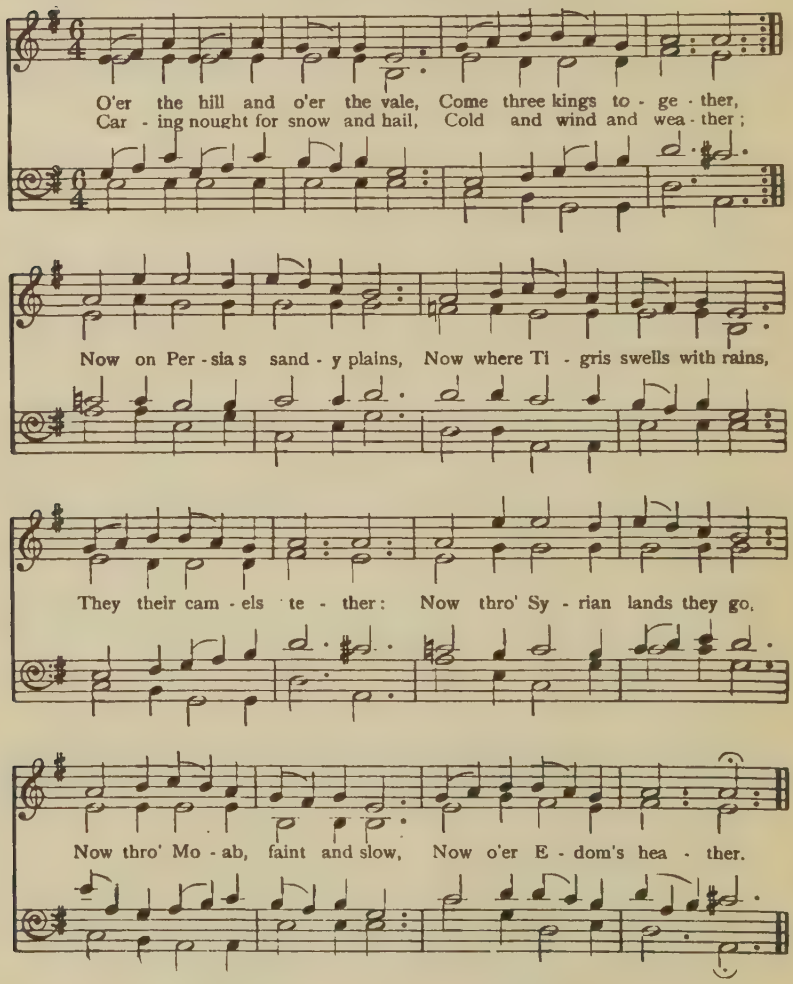
8 Manna, wherewith all are fed,
Comes for our salvation;
Born in Bethlem, House of Bread,
By interpretation.

9 Young and old must raise the lay
That their heart engages;
For the Child is born to-day
Who is King of ages.

10 Young and old their deeds so frame,
That as He came hither,
They, when He their lives shall claim,
May to Him go thither.

16 O'er the Hill and o'er the Vale

¶ Words by Dr. Neale, for the tune of *In bernali tempore*, in the Hypo-Dorian Mode. Harmony by the Editor of these Carols.



2 O'er the hill and o'er the vale,
Each king bears a present:
Wise men go a Child to hail,
Monarchs seek a Peasant:
And a star in front proceeds,
Over rocks and rivers leads,
Shines with beams incessant:
Therefore onward, onward still!
Ford the stream and climb the hill:
Love makes all things pleasant.

3 He is God ye go to meet:
Therefore incense proffer:
He is King ye go to greet;
Gold is in your coffer:
Also Man, He comes to share
Ev'ry woe that man can bear—
Tempter, Railer, Scoffer:
Therefore now, against the day,
In the grave when Him they lay
Myrrh ye also offer

17 On the Birthday of the Lord

In natali Domini

¶ Words XIV Cent. Melody, in the Dorian Mode, Nürnberg Gesangbuch, 1544. Harmonized by the Rev. G. H. Palmer.

On the birth-day of the Lord An-gel-Quires with one ac-

-cord Sing *In dul-ci ju-bi-lo, Glo-ri-a u-*

-*ni De-o!* God of Ma-ry maid is born, Christ is

Ma-ry's Son to-morn: Mo-ther she, yet maid-en aye.

2 Tidings true an Angel told
Certain shepherds on the wold,
Tidings great and full of glee—
Christ, and His nativity.
God of Mary maid is born, etc.

3 Born is our Emmanuel,
As foretold by Gabriel,
Witness'd of Ezechiel,
From the Father forth-faring.
God of Mary maid is born, etc.

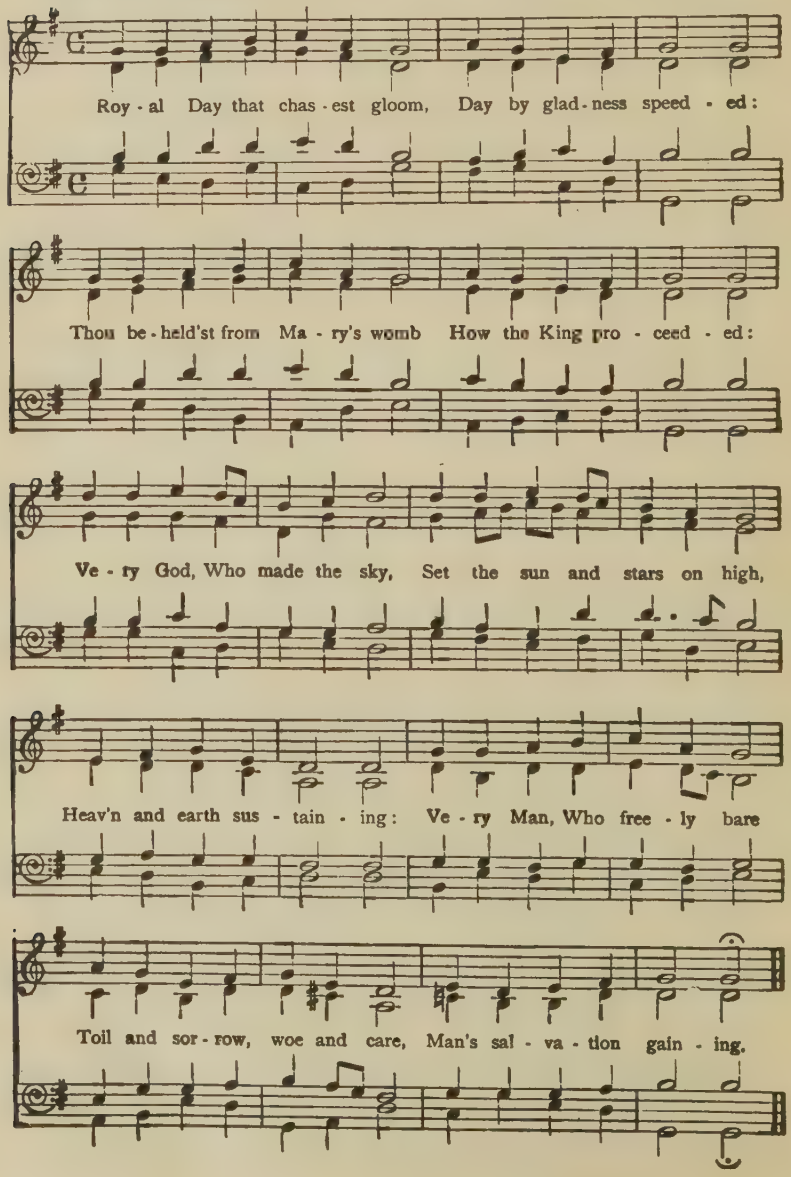
4 *Christus natus hodie*
Ex Maria Virgine:
Gender'd not of mortal seed,
God to-day is Man indeed.
God of Mary maid is born, etc.

5 Princes three in worship bent,
Incense, gold, and myrrh present:
King of kings, above, below,
Gloria uni Deo!
God of Mary maid is born, etc.

18 Royal Day that chasest gloom

Dies est leticie

¶ XIV Cent. Words by Rev. J. M. Neale. Melody from Koler's Ruefbuechl (MS.), 1601, as given by Bäumker. Harmony by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.



2 As the sunbeam through the glass
Passeth, but not staineth;
Thus the Virgin, as she was,
Virgin still remaineth;
Blessed Mother! in whose womb
Lay the Light that exiles gloom,
God to earth descending:
Blessed Maid! whose spotless breast
Gives the King of Glory rest,
Nurture, warmth, and tending.

3 Christ, Who mad'st us out of dust,
Breath and spirit giving:
Christ, from Whose dear steps we must
Pattern take of living:
Christ, Who camest once to save
From the curse and from the grave,
Healing, light'ning, cheering:
Christ, Who now wast made as we,
Grant that we may be like Thee,
In Thy next appearing!

19 The noble stem of Jesse

Flos de radice Jesse or *Es ist ein Ros entsprungen*

¶ Melody harmonized by Michael Praetorius (Mus. Sion. 1609).

The no - ble stem of Jes - se Hath flow'r-ed at this tide:
Re - joice, good chris-tian peo - ple, Re - joice ye far and wide:
In Ma - ry see the stem; And who the flow'r but Je - sus, The Babe of Beth - le - hem?

2 This flower the Prophet Esay
Foresaw and did foretell,
Born of the Virgin Mother;
And man should love her well.
Yet, stem, to flower give place,
For from the same both angels
And men derive solace.

3 He is the modest field-flower
That in our vale is seen:
Or like the snow-white lily
Amid the briers keen:
No rose so sweet and fair;
No perfume aromatic
Can with His Name compare.

4 This flower with fragrant odour
Doth woo the passer-by,
And fill his very being
With love right wondrously;
Sweet Flower, for thee I sigh;
Thy grace my fainting spirit
Alone can satisfy.

20 There came three kings

Es führt' drei Könige Gottes Hand

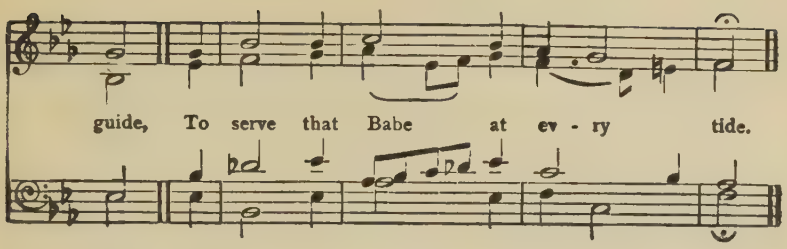
¶ Köln Gesangbuch, 1623. Harmony by Mr. B. Luard Selby.

There came three kings from east - ern land, Star-

- led by God's Al - migh - ty hand, To Christ - ward

thro' Hie - ru - sa - lem, Un - to the crib at

Beth - le - hem. God, thi - ther too our foot - steps



2 Within the star, so great and sheen,
A golden-crownèd Child is seen:
His sceptre was a cross of gold,
His face like sun-light to behold.
God, evermore to man below
Light from yon blissful star bestow.

3 From Morning-land, in haste the while,
They journey many a hundred mile:
O'er hill and dale, in frost and snow,
By land, by water, on they go.
God, may the road-way never be
Too rough and hard that leads to Thee.

4 Why, Herod, honour so the kings?
Their minds are set on other things:
Forth from the stately court in speed
They to the lowly crib proceed.
God, see we never swerve aside,
But keep Thy path, whate'er betide.

5 No sooner come within the stall
Than down upon the knee they fall,
And offer Him, in order meet,
Gold, myrrh, and incense passing sweet.
God, take our gifts, or great or small,
Heart, soul, life, limb, name, substance—all.

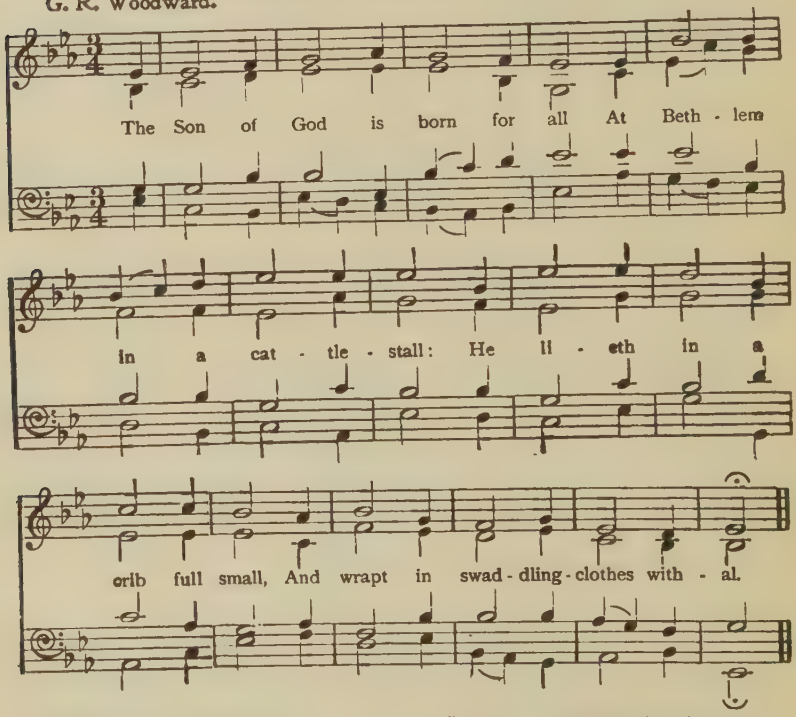
6 By frankincense the three proclaim
That God Almighty is His Name:
Myrrh to the Son of Man they bring,
But gold in token of the King.
God, keep us steadfast in this creed,
From heresy and schism freed.

7 Our Lady fain her guests did greet,
E'en bade them kiss her Infant sweet:
Viaticum, I wot full well,
To guide them home, o'er frith and fell.
God, when the vale of death we tread,
Give us that day this heav'nly Bread.

21 The Son of God is born for all

Geborn ist Gottes Sönelein

¶ M. Praetorius, 1609, as given by Layritz. Melody, a variation of *Puer nobis nascitur* (see No. 25 in this book). Harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.



2 Rejoice to-day for Jesu's sake,
Within your hearts His cradle make:
A shrine, wherein the Babe may take
His rest, in slumber or awake.

3 Beneath Him set His crib, of tree;
Let Hope the little mattress be,
His pillow Faith, full fair to see,
With coverlet of Charity.

4 In bodies pure and undefil'd
Prepare a chamber for the Child:
To Him give incense, myrrh and gold,
Nor raiment, meat and drink withhold.

5 Draw nigh, the Son of God to kiss,
Greet Mary's Child (the Lord He is)
Upon those lovely lips of His:
Jesus, your hearts' desire and bliss.

6 Come rock His cradle cheerily,
As doth His mother, so do ye,
Who nurs'd Him sweetly on her knee,
As told it was by prophecy.

7 *By, by, lullay* before Him sing;
Go, wind the horn, and pluck the string,
Till all the place with music ring;
And bid one prayer to Christ the King.

8 Thus, Babe, I minister to Thee,
E'en as Thine Angels wait on me:
Thy ruddy countenance I see,
And tiny hands outstretch'd to me.

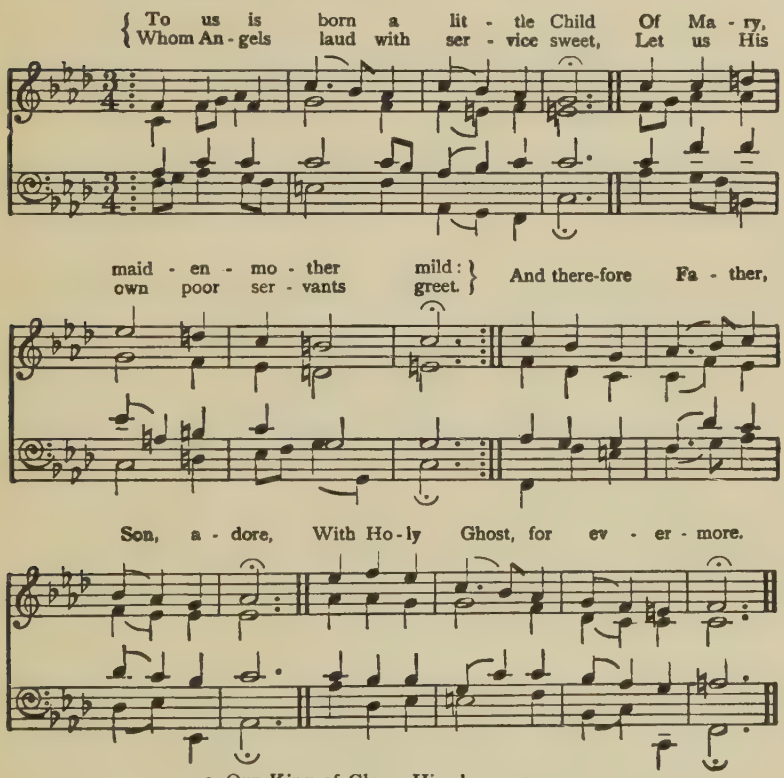
9 Sleep, in my soul enshrinèd rest:
Here find Thy cradle neatly drest:
Forsake me not, when sore distrest,
Emmanuel, my Brother blest.

10 Now chant we merrily *to*
With such as play *in organo;*
And with the singers *in choro*
Benedicamus Domino.

22 First Tune. To us is born a little Child

Parvulus nobis nascitur

¶ XV Cent. from Lossius, 1579, and from the Paderborn Gesangbüchlein, 1609. Words chiefly by Rev. W. J. Blew. Melody of *Uns ist Geborn ein Kindelein,* harmonized by Joh. Seb. Bach.



2 Our King of Glory, Him have we,
The Lion-lord of victory:
The Father's sole-begotten Son
Light'ning the ages as they run.
And therefore, etc.

3 That dear, through Him, to God we be,
From death deliver'd and set free:
Our death-wounds heal'd by His, despite
That dark old Dragon's deadly bite.
And therefore, etc.

4 Now, masters all, full sweetly sing
Osanna to our Baby-king;
That hath but manger for His bed,
And straw whereon to lay His head.
And therefore, etc.

22 Second Tune — To us is born a little Child

Parvulus nobis nascitur

¶ The same as preceding. Set to the Melody of *Ach! bleib bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ*, by Joh. Seb. Bach.

To us is born a lit - tle Child Of Ma - ry, maid -
Whom An - gels laud with ser - vice sweet, Let us His own .....

- - - en - mo - ther mild: } And there - fore Fa - ther,
..... poor ser - vants greet. }

Son, a - dore, With Ho - ly Ghost,..... for ev - er - more.

2 Our King of Glory, Him have we,
The Lion-lord of victory:
The Father's sole-begotten Son
Light'ning the ages as they run.
And therefore, etc.

3 That dear, through Him, to God we be,
From death deliver'd and set free:
Our death-wounds heal'd by His, despite
That dark old Dragon's deadly bite.
And therefore, etc.

4 Now, masters all, full sweetly sing
Osanna to our Baby-king;
That hath but manger for His bed,
And straw whereon to lay His head.
And therefore, etc.

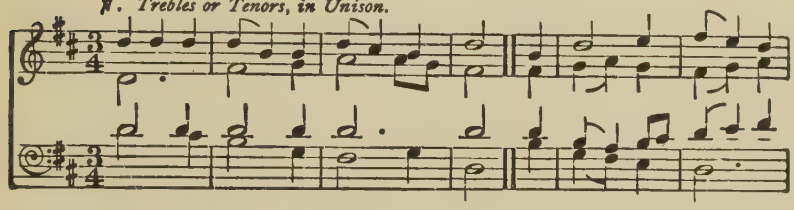
23 To us is born a little Child

Geboren ist uns ein Kindelein

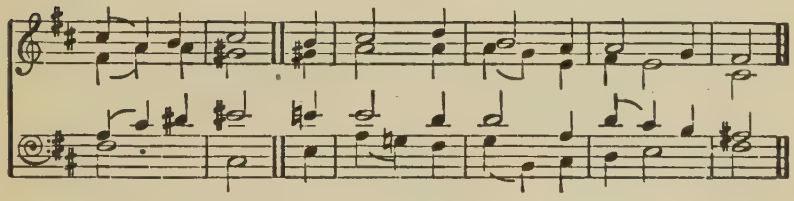
¶ Köln Gesangbuch, 1887. Proper Melody, of XV Cent., from J. Spangenberg, 1544, as given by Zahn, and harmonized by the Editor.

To us is born a lit - tle Child Of Ma - ry, maid - en -

℣. *Trebles or Tenors, in Unison.*

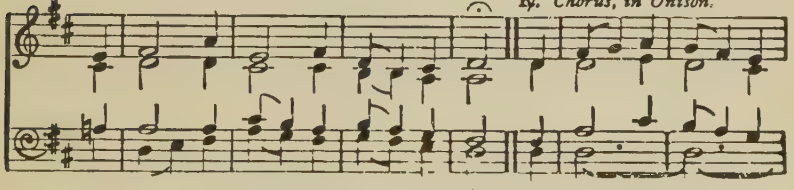


- - mo - ther mild: Yule - tide a mer - ry sea - son is,

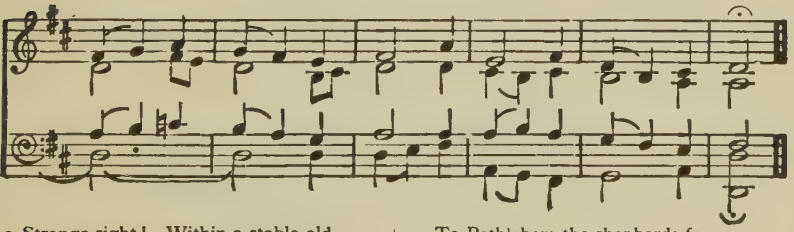


Babe Je - sus our de - light and bliss. O Je - su, dar - ling

℟. *Chorus, in Unison.*



of my heart, How rich in mer - cy, Babe, Thou art!



2 Strange sight! Within a stable old,
Lo! God is born in want and cold:
O selfish world, this Babe, I say,
Doth put thee to the blush to-day.
O Jesu, etc.

3 The Child (so wide His mercies are)
Peace, joy and bliss doth bring from far:
Before His crib, in awe to Him,
Your faces veil, ye Cherubim.
O Jesu, etc.

4 Now Angels joyful hymns upraise,
And God's own Son with carols praise:
To Bethlehem the shepherds fare,
And firstlings of their flock they bear.
O Jesu, etc.

5 With gladsome voice on Jesus call,
Ye spirits of the righteous all:
To-day is born Emmanuel—
He make your souls at ease to dwell!
O Jesu, etc.

6 With Holy Ghost Him praise above,
Who gave His Son, in tender love;
And bless Him for that lovely May,
Of whom the Lord was born to-day.
O Jesu, etc.

24 To-day the light of Angels bright

Nunc Angelorum Gloria

¶ XIV Cent. Melody, given by Triller, 1559 (see Layriz), and harmonized by Rev. J. R. Lunn.

To-day the light of An - gels bright For man be - low Doth
No-well, No - well, I pray you well, Keep Christ-mas - tide With

fill the world with glad - ness:
hearts de - void of sad - ness.

See in joy be -

- fore her Babe The Vir - gin - mo - ther bend - - ing: Our

gloom - y night in noon - day bright Hath end - - ing.

2 Sing out with bliss, His name it is
Emmanuel,
God with us, now and ever:
He doth away our sin to-day;
Then, guilty souls,
Henceforth despair ye never;
Ring a peal of jubile,
Ye bells from every steeple,
And your redeeming Lord extol,
Ye people.

3 Tell us, ye shepherds, whom ye saw
At Bethlehem,
With Mary in the stable?
Christ, very God and very Man,
Of sinners all
The Saviour merciable.
Shineth light from heaven around,
And peace mankind regaineth:
That lovely May a Virgin aye
Remaineth.

4 Born is the King of kings in hay
De Virgine:
He keep us all from danger!
Born for poor folk, the Lord to-day,
De Maria,
Doth lie in lowly manger:
Therefore sing, Laud, honour, might,
Glory to God in heaven,
And peace on earth, good will to men
Be given.

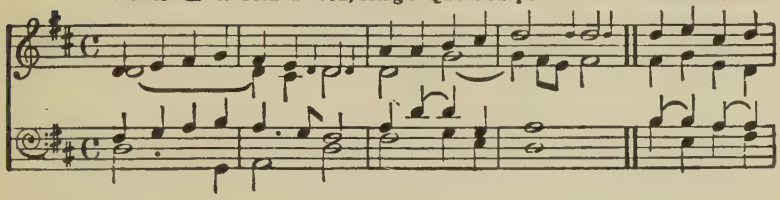
25 Unto us is born a Son

Puer nobis nascitur

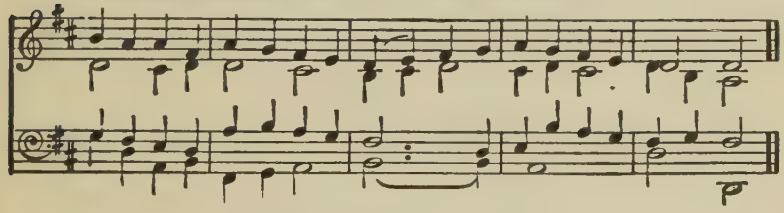
¶ Words and tune (XIV Cent.) from *Piae Cantiones.* Harmony by Rev. G. H. Palmer.

To be sung in Unison.

Un - to us is born a Son, King of Quires su - per - nal: See on earth His



life be-gun, Of lords the Lord e - ter - nal, Of lords the Lord e - ter - nal.



2 Christ, from heav'n descending low,
Comes on earth a stranger:
Ox and ass their Owner know
Becradled in the manger.

3 This did Herod sore affray,
And grievously bewilder;
So he gave the word to slay,
And slew the little childer.

4 Of His love and mercy mild
This the Christmas story:
And O that Mary's gentle Child
Might lead us up to glory:

5 O and A and A and O,
Cum cantibus in choro,
Let our merry organ go,
Benedicamus Domino.

26 Whom of old the shepherds

Quem pastores laudavere

¶ XIV Cent. Melody, as given by Triller, 1559, and by Layriz, and harmonized by the Rev. J. R. Lunn, B.D.

Whom of old the shep-herds prais-ed, When the Se - raph

them up - rais - ed, Say - ing, "Sirs, be not a - maz - ed;

Na - tus est Rex glo - ri - e, Rex glo - ri - e:"

2 Unto whom the Kings came faring,
Gold and myrrh and incense bearing,
Love unfeignedly declaring
Leoni victorie:

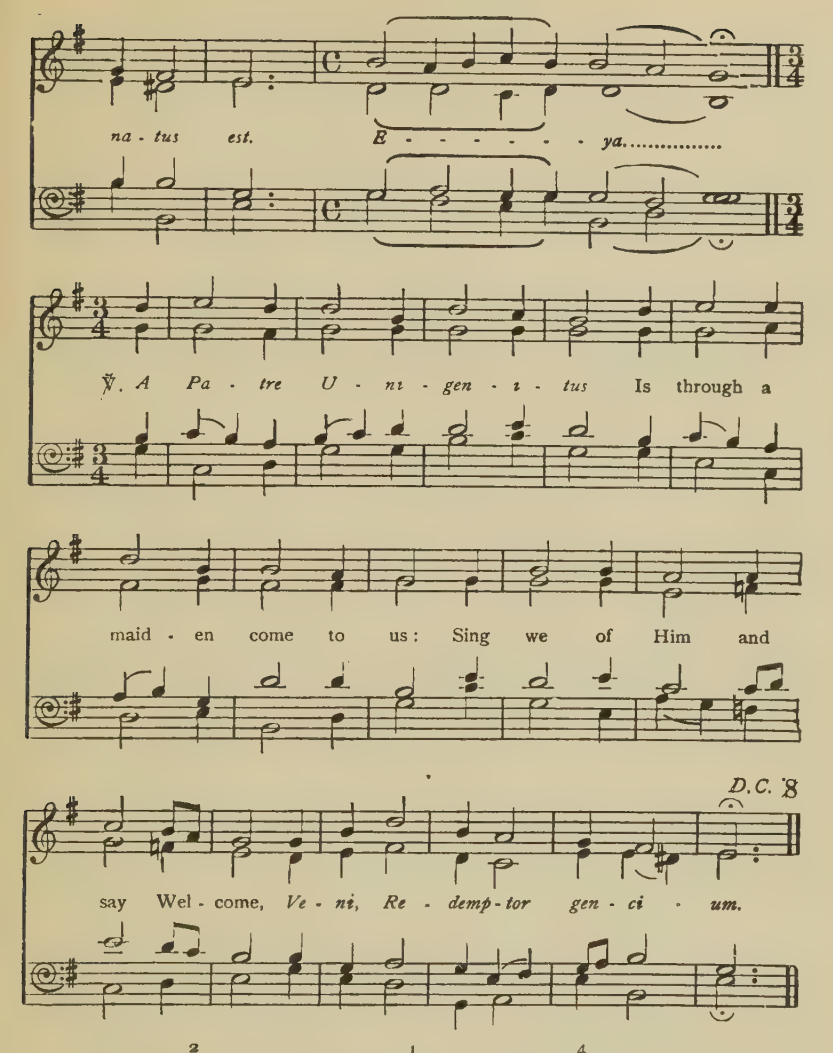
3 Him with Mary bless, nor tire,
Chanting with the angelic quire:
High uplift the strain, and higher,
Laus, honor et gloria.

4 To the Christ-child, King of heaven,
God, to man through Mary given,
Raise the lay from morn till even,
Dulci cum melodia.

27 Make we joy now in this fest

¶ Old English Carol: words and tune from the Bodleian Library (Selden MS.): cf. Add. MS., 5665, in the British Museum. Harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

℟. Make we joy now in this fest *In quo Chris - tus*



2

℣. *Agnoscat omne seculum,*
A bright star made three kings to come,
Him for to seek with their presen's,
Verbum supernum prodiens.
℟. Make we joy, etc.

3

℣. *A solis ortus cardine*
So mighty a Lord is none as He;
And to our kind He hath Him knit,
Adam parens quod polluit.
℟. Make we joy, etc.

4

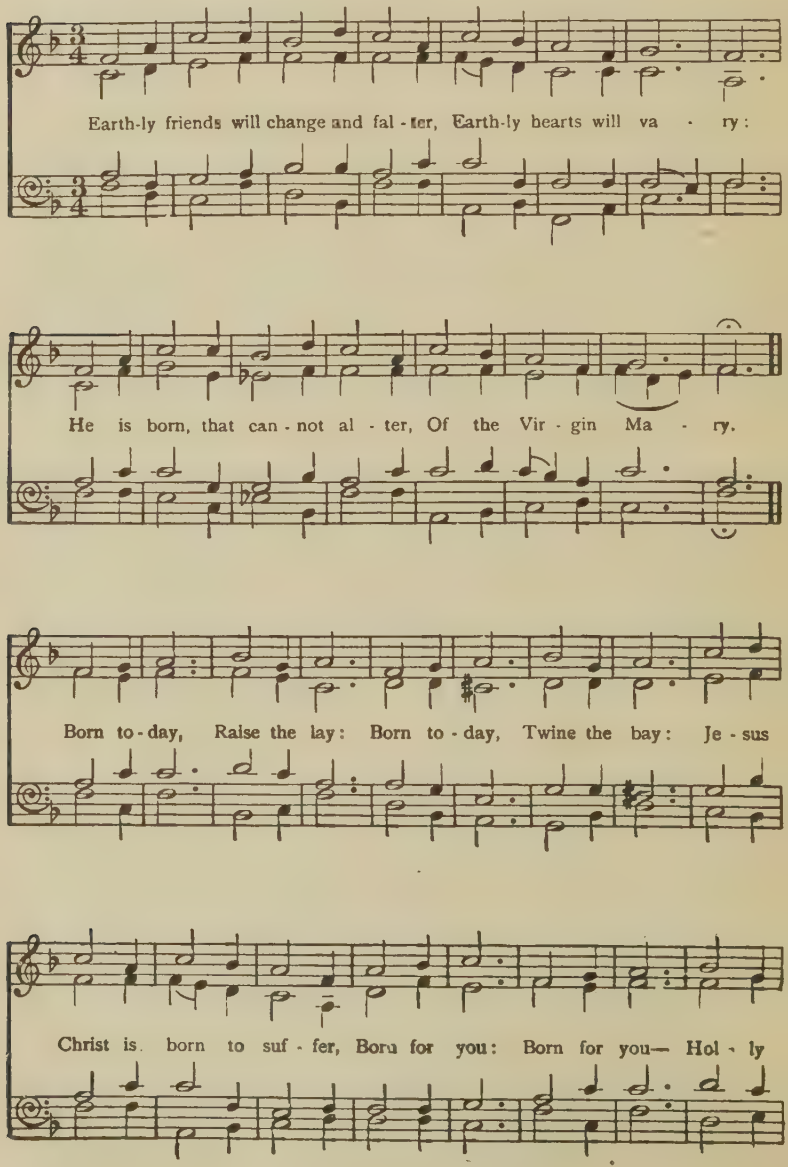
℣. *Maria ventre concepit,*
The Holy Ghost was ay her with,
Of her in Bethlem born He is,
Consors paterni luminis.
℟. Make we joy, etc.

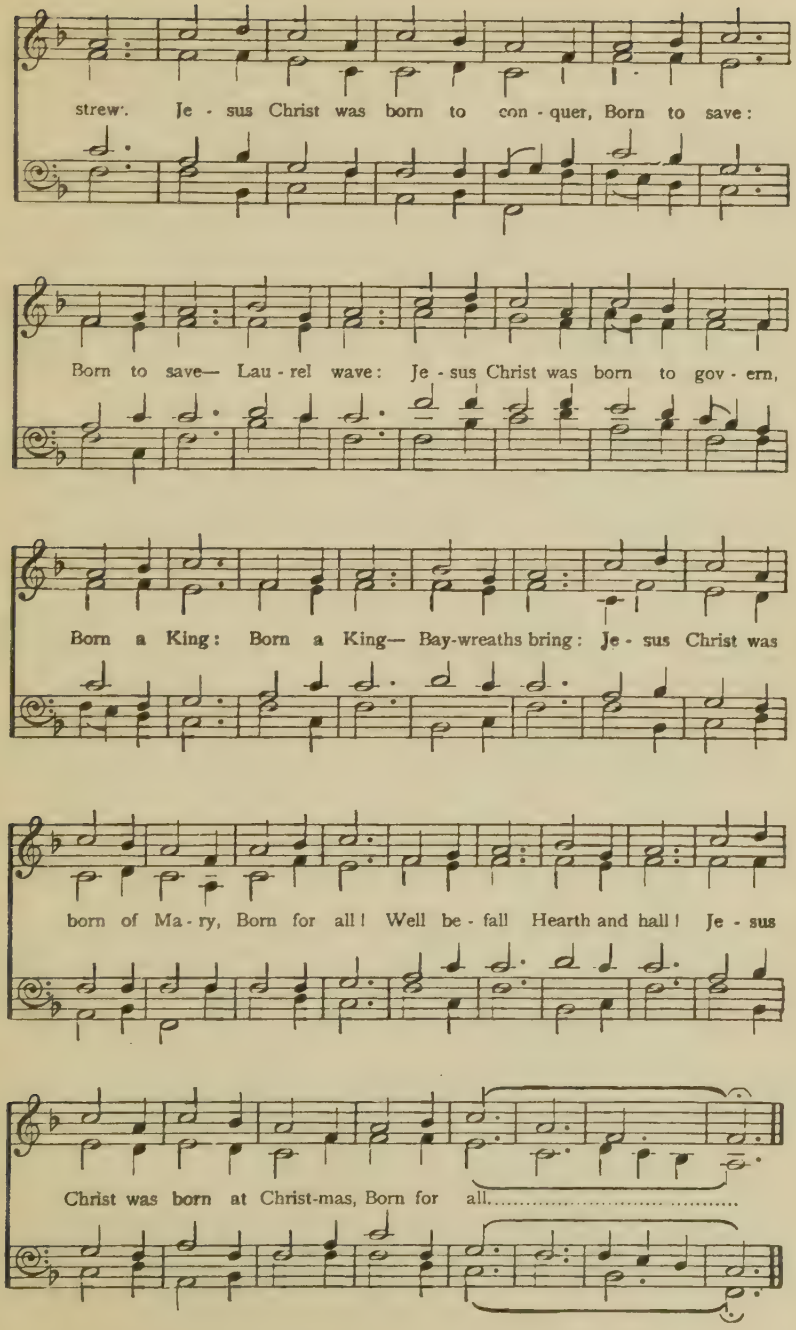
5

℣. *O lux beata Trinitas,*
He lay between an ox and ass,
Beside His mother maiden free,
Gloria Tibi, Domine.
℟. Make we joy, etc.

28 First Tune Earthly friends will change and falter

¶ Words by Dr. Neale. Melody of *Omnis mundus iucundetur*, of the XIV Cent. Harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.




strew'. Je - sus Christ was born to con - quer, Born to save:
Born to save— Lau - rel wave: Je - sus Christ was born to gov - ern,
Born a King: Born a King— Bay-wreaths bring: Je - sus Christ was
born of Ma - ry, Born for all! Well be - fall Hearth and hall! Je - sus
Christ was born at Christ-mas, Born for all.....

28 Second Tune Earthly friends will change and falter

¶ Another setting by M. Praetorius (Mus. Syon.), A.D. 1607

(1) Earth-ly friends will change and fal - ter, Earth - ly hearts will va - ry:
(2) He is born, that can - not al - ter, Of the Vir - gin Ma - ry.

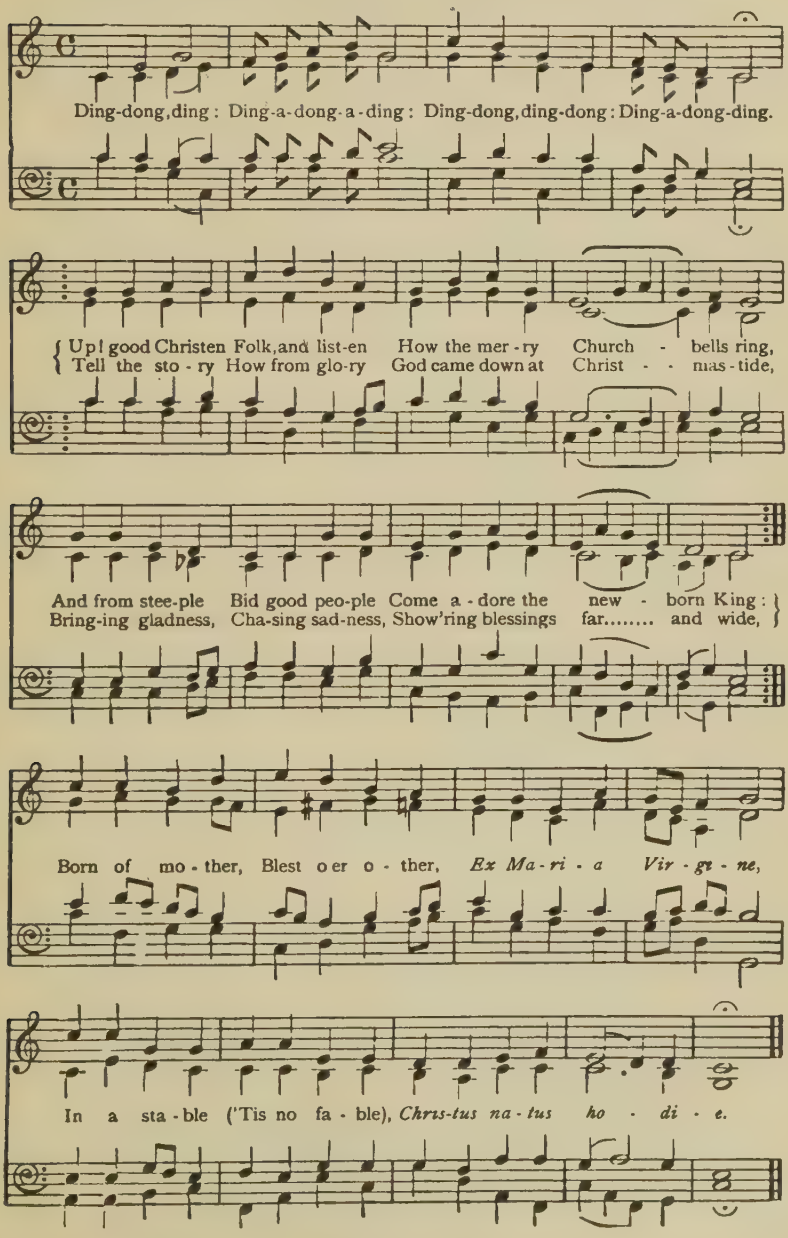
(3) Born to-day, Raise the lay:
(4) Born to-day, Twine the bay:
(5) Jesus Christ is born to suf-fer, Born for you:

(6) Born for you— Hol - ly strew: Je-sus Christ was born to conquer, Born to save:
(7) Born to save— Lau-rel wave: Je-sus Christ was born to gov-ern, Born a King:

(8) Born a King, Bay-wreaths bring: Je-sus Christ was born of Ma - ry, Born for all.
(9) Well be - fall Hearth and hall! Je-sus Christ was born at Christmas, Born for all.

29 Up! good Christen Folk, and listen

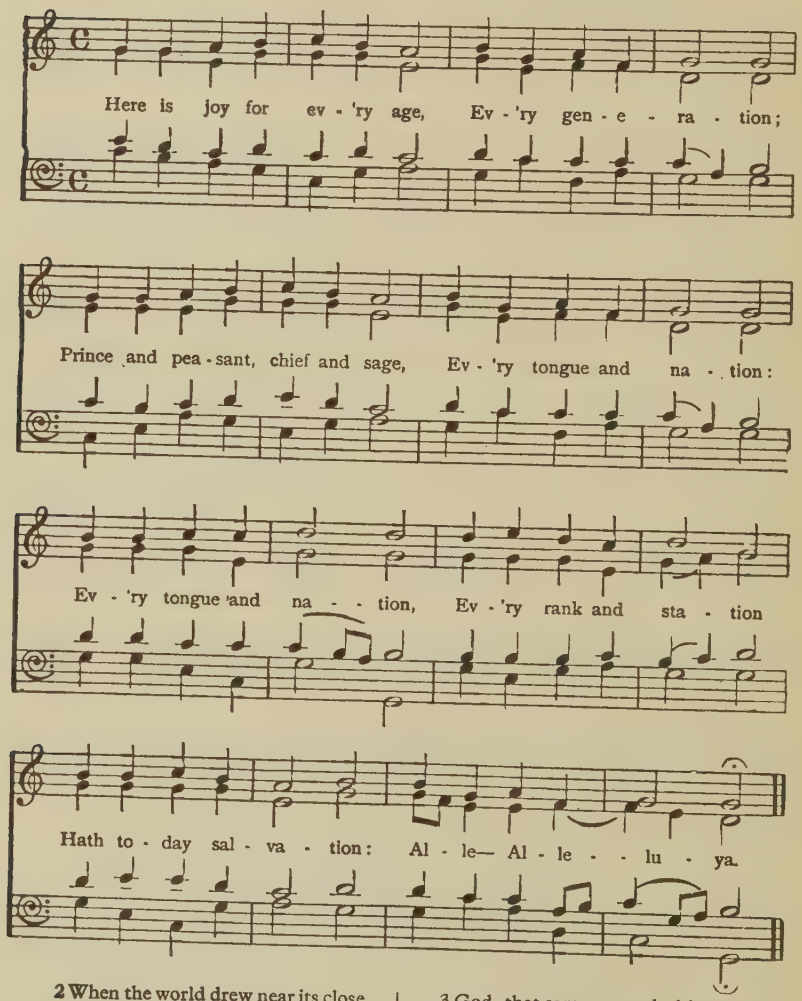
¶ Words written for the melody of *O quam mundum, quam jucundum,* from *Piae Cantiones,* and harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.



30 Here is joy for every age

Ecce novum gaudium

¶ Words by Dr. Neale. Melody of *Ecce novum gaudium*, from *Piae Cantiones*. Harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.



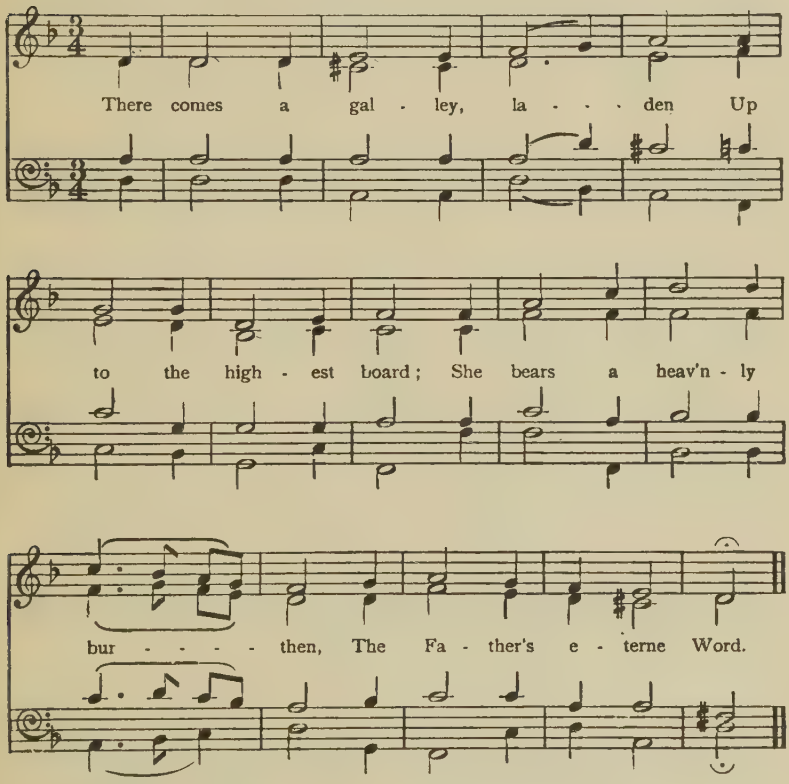
2 When the world drew near its close,
Came our Lord and Leader;
From the Lily sprang the Rose,
From the Bush the Cedar:
From the Bush the Cedar,
From the judg'd the Pleader,
From the faint the Feeder:
Alle—Alleluya.

3 God, that came on earth this morn
In a manger lying,
Hallow'd birth by being born,
Vanquish'd death by dying:
Vanquish'd death by dying,
Rallied back the flying,
Ended sin and sighing:
Alle—Alleluya.

81 There comes a galley, laden

Es komt ein Schiff geladen

¶ Words by Joh. Tauler (A.D. 1290—1361), versified by the Rev. G. R. Woodward. Melody and harmony from the Catholick Gesangbuch, Köln, 1608, as given by Layriz.



2 She saileth on in silence,
Her freight of value vast:
With Charity for mainsail,
And Holy Ghost for mast.

3 The ship hath dropt her anchor,
Is safely come to land;
The Word eterne, in likeness
Of man, on earth doth stand.

4 At Bethlem in a stable,
To save the world forlorn
(O bless Him for His mercy),
Our Saviour Christ is born.

5 And whosoe'er with gladness
Would kiss Him and adore,
Must first endure with Jesus
Great pain and anguish sore,

6 Must die with Him moreover,
And rise in flesh again,
To win that life eternal,
Which doth to Christ pertain.

32 Sweet was the song the Virgin sung

¶ From William Ballet's *Lute Book* in Library of Trin. Coll., Dublin: about A.D. 1600. Harmonized by Dr. Charles Wood.

At a moderate pace.

mp

Sweet was the song the Vir - gin sung, When she, when she to

cres.

Beth-lem Ju - da came, And was de - liv - er'd of a Son,

pp rall.

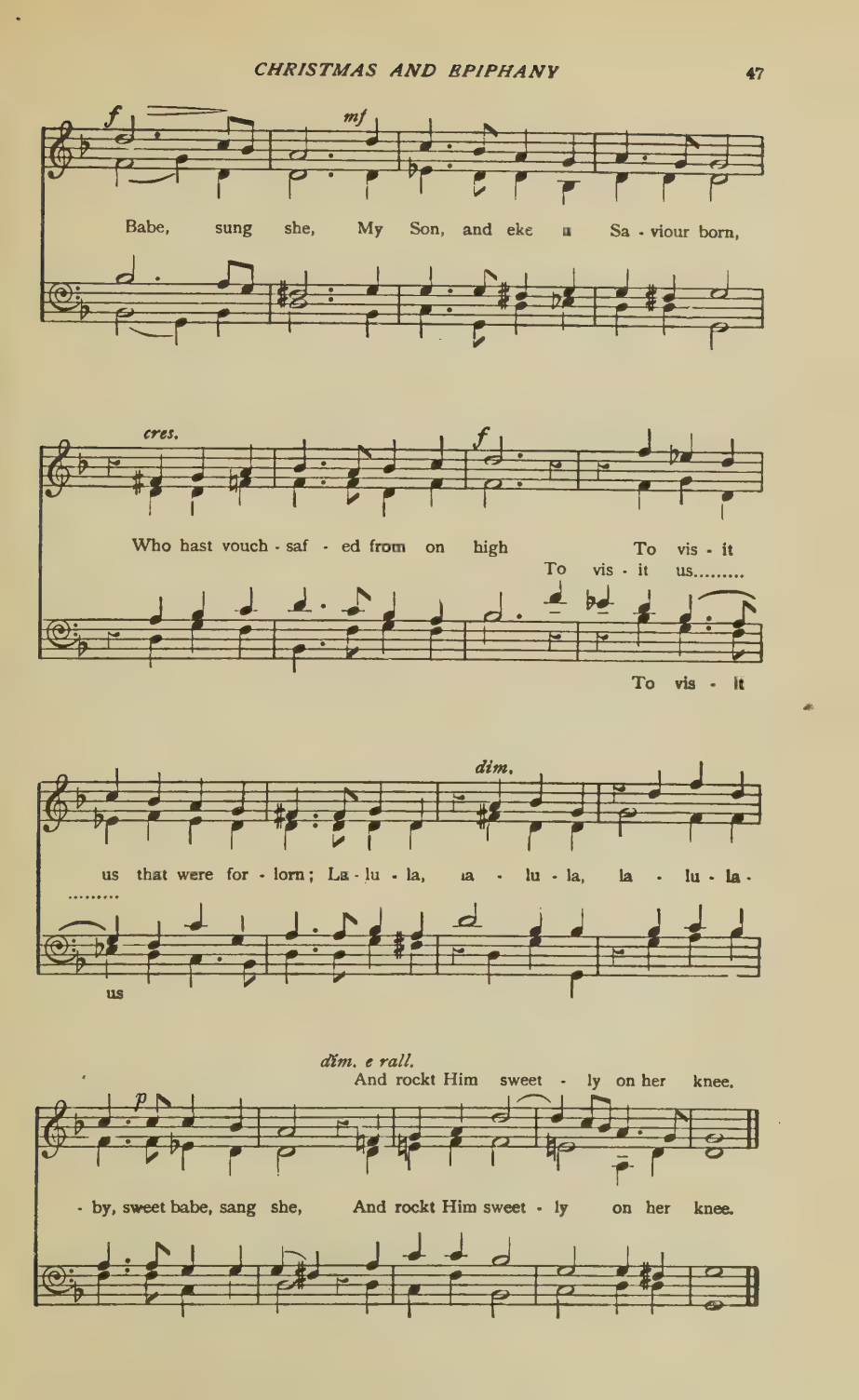
a tempo.

mp

That bless - ed Je - sus hath to name. Lul - la, lul - la,

cres.

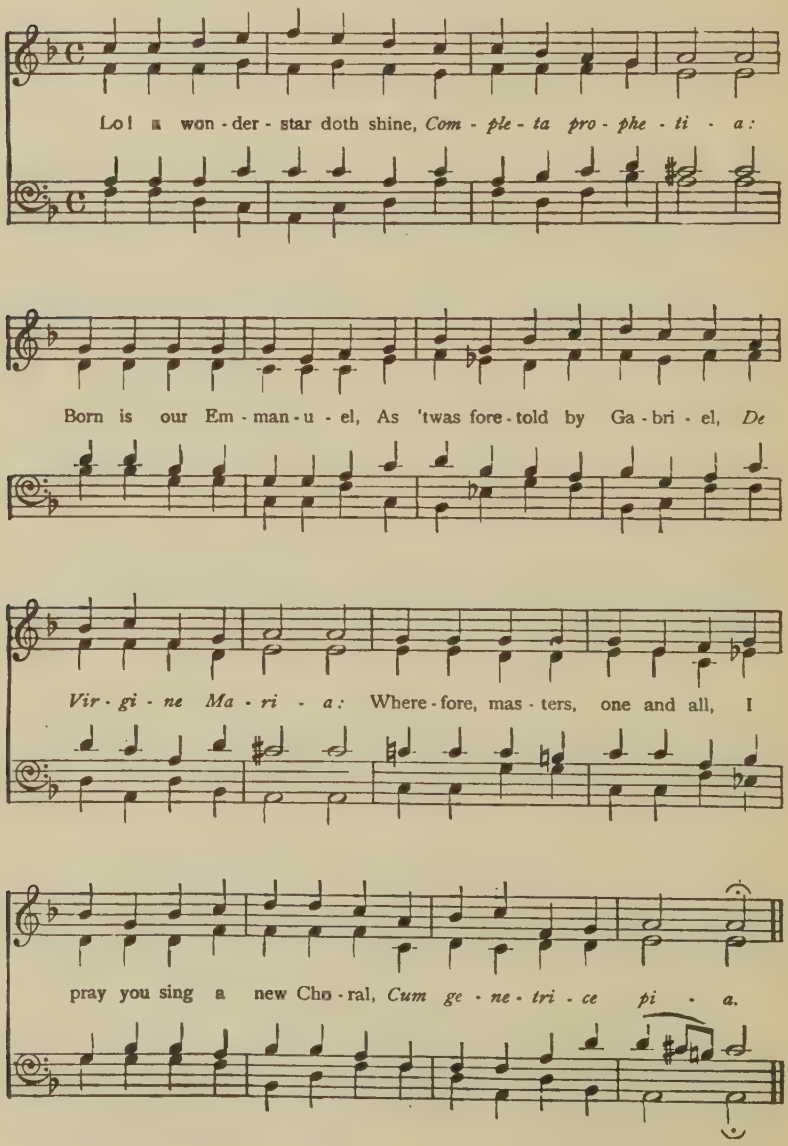
lu - la, lul - la - by, Lu - la, lu - la, lu - la, lul - la - by, sweet


f
mf
Babe, sung she, My Son, and eke a Sa - viour born,
cres.
f
Who hast vouch - saf - ed from on high To vis - it
To vis - it us.....
To vis - it
dim.
us that were for - lorn; La - lu - la, la - lu - la, la - lu - la -
.....
us
dim. e rall.
And rockt Him sweet - ly on her knee.
p
- by, sweet babe, sang she, And rockt Him sweet - ly on her knee.

33 Lo! a wonder-star doth shine

Stella nova radiat

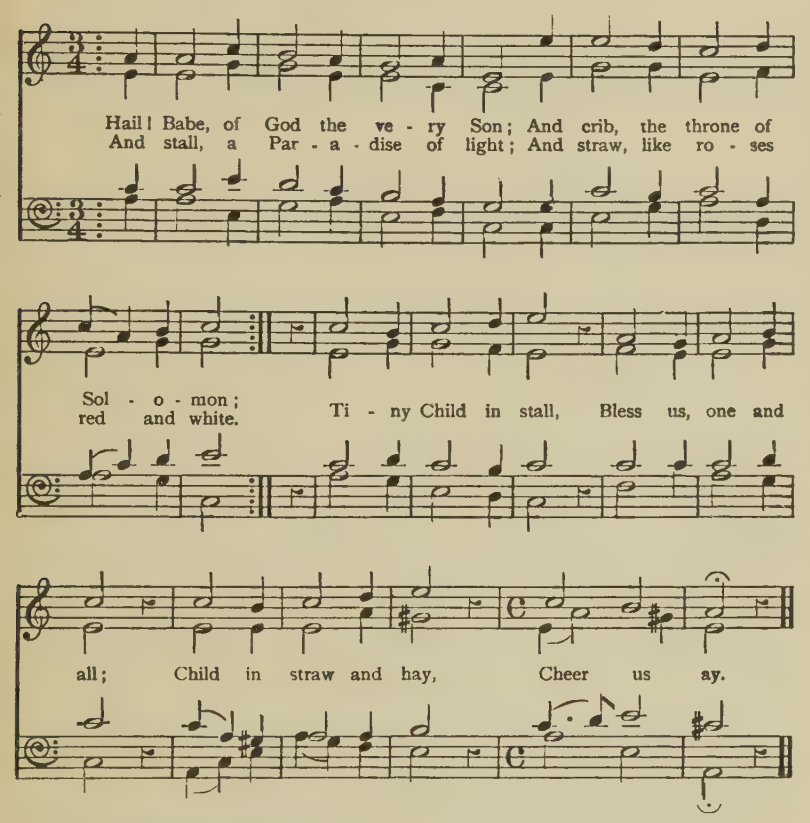
¶ Words, and melody (in the Phrygian Mode) from the Mosburg Gradual, A.D. 1360, as given in G. M. Dreves' *Analecta Hymnica medii aevi.* Versified and harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.



84 Hail! Babe, of God the very Son

O Kind, o wahrer Gottes Sohn

¶ Words and melody from the *Kölnisches Gesangbuch,* 1625. Versified and harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.



2 From wonderland Thou comest, Child,
With countenance full meek and mild,
Of ruddy hue and milken white,
That doth man's heart and soul delight.
Tiny Child, etc.

3 Gold are the curls upon Thine head,
Thine eyes are bright, Thy lips are red;
From crown of head to sole of feet,
Than honeycomb Thou art more sweet.
Tiny Child, etc.

4 Thy limbs of ivory, snow-white,
Are inlaid with a sapphire bright;
The Sapphire is Thy Godhead great,
The Ivory Thy mortal state.
Tiny Child, etc.

5 Lo! hyacinths are in Thine hand;
No sweeter perfume in the land:
O Babe most fair, 'tis one and all
As if the sun shone in the stall.
Tiny Child, etc.

6 The Godhead doth Thy bosom fire,
Grant every man his heart's desire;
In heav'n no greater joy can be
Than this, Thy countenance to see.
Tiny Child, etc.

35 An Infant lay within a shed

Ach! lieber Herre Jesu Christ

¶ German words (by Heinrich v. Loufenberg, before A.D. 1430) Englished, and Melody (of the XV Cent., in the Phrygian Mode) harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

℣. An In-fant lay with - in a shed, Where ox and ass were tied and fed; Hard

by there stood a Maid-en mild, Saint Ma-ry, mo-ther to the Child.

℟. My God, my Lord..... Je-sus, 'Tis He was cra - - dled thus.

2

℣. With voices sweet in awe to Him
There sung a Quire of Seraphim,
"Praise, worship, glory," loud they cry,
"To God whose kingdom fills the sky."
℟. My God, etc.

3

℣. The herds, when they thereof heard say,
Anon with gladness went their way
To Bethlem; when they found Him there,
That noble Child, full fain they were.
℟. My God, etc.

4

℣. A bright star at the self-same tide
Was by the three good kings espied:
Afar from Eastern land they fare;
A goodly present each doth bear.
℟. My God, etc.

5

℣. Before yon Babe, of high degree,
They kneel and pray on bended knee,
Presenting gifts in reverence,
Of gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
℟. My God, etc.

6

℣. Then Herod King, in mood unmild,
Assayed to slay the royal Child:
Fell many a babe at his command,
But Christ was safe in Egypt-land.
℟. My God, etc.

7

℣. When thirty years were fully past
This Infant, He was cross'd at last,
Was dead, and buried tomb within,
That man eternal life might win.
℟. My God, etc.

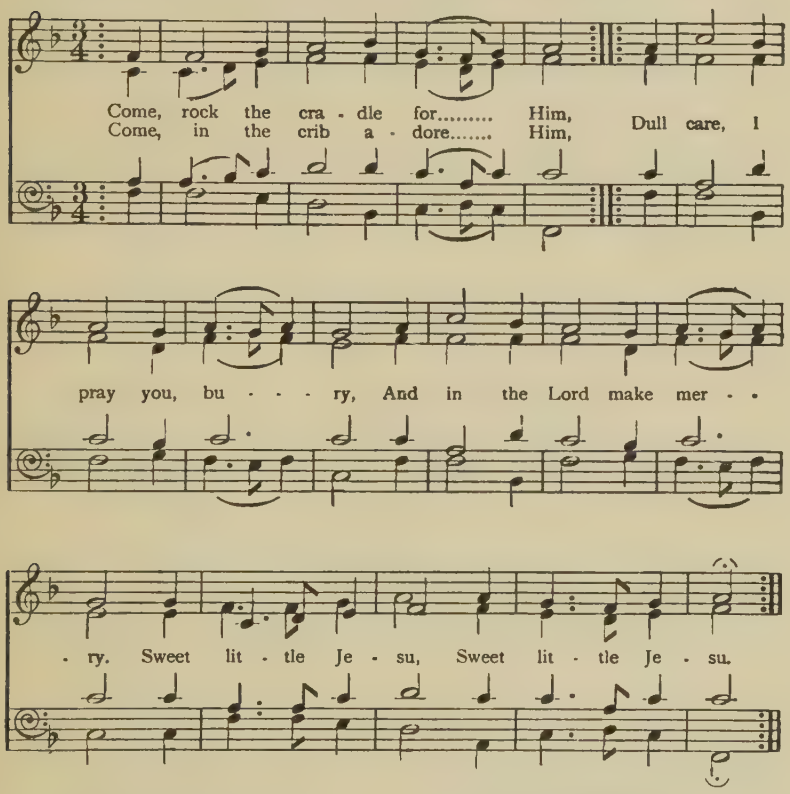
8

℣. But, on the third day, nothing else,
He rose again, as Gospel tells:
Ascended to His Father-land,
There sitteth He at God's right hand.
℟. My God, etc.

36 Come, rock the cradle for Him

Lasst uns das Kindlein wiegen

¶ Words by the Rev. G. R. Woodward, in free imitation of the above-named Cradle-song, Köln, A.D. 1619. Melody and harmony from the *Psalteriolum Harmonicum*, 1642, as given by Bäumker.



2 Come, rock His cradle lowly,
The throne of God all-holy:
Come worship and adore Him,
And kneel we down before Him.
Sweet little Jesu, sweet little Jesu.

3 Nor come with empty coffer,
But thanks and blessing offer;
Let old and young be merry,
And blithe as bird on berry.
Sweet little Jesu, sweet little Jesu.

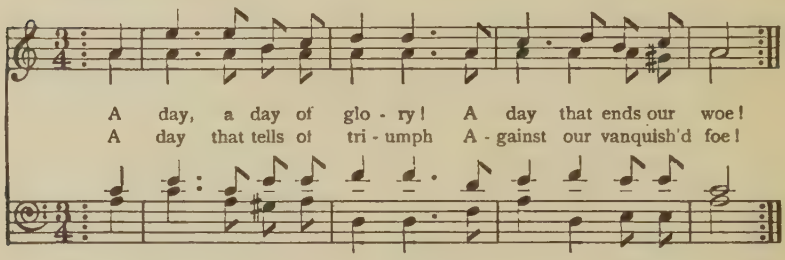
4 And sing, for music-number
Will lull the Babe to slumber:
Your strain be sweet and airy,
Like that of blessèd Mary.
Sweet little Jesu, sweet little Jesu.

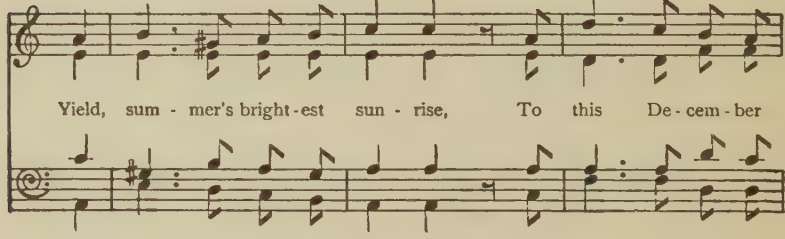
5 Do nothing to annoy Him,
But everything to joy Him;
For sin, by night or morrow,
Would cause Him pain and sorrow.
Sweet little Jesu, sweet little Jesu.

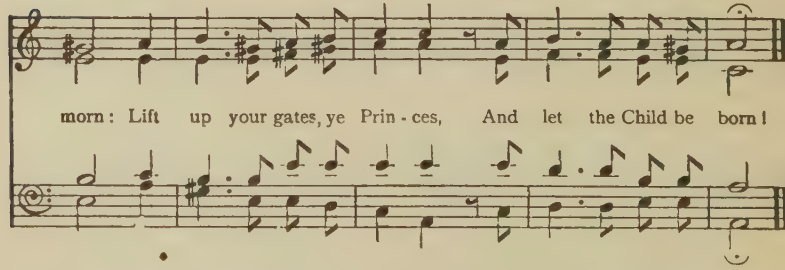
6 So at your hour of dying,
This Babe, in cradle lying,
(For He is King supernal)
Shall grant you rest eternal.
Sweet little Jesu, sweet little Jesu.

37 A day, a day of glory

¶ Words by Dr. Neale. Tune, an old French Carol. Harmonized by Dr. Charles Wood.







2 With *Gloria in excelsis*
Archangels tell their mirth:
With *Kyrie eleëyson*
Men answer upon earth:
And angels swell the triumph,
And mortals raise the horn,
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born.

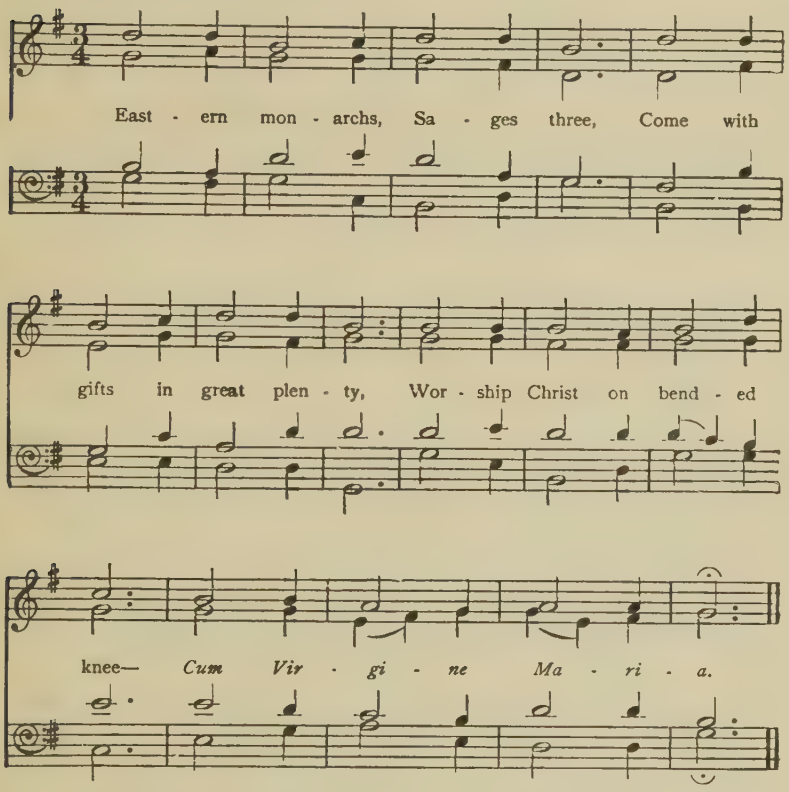
3 He comes, His throne the manger;
He comes, His shrine the stall;
The ox and ass His courtiers,
Who made and governs all:
The "House of Bread" His birth-place,
The Prince of wine and corn:
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born.

4 Then bar the gates, that henceforth
None thus may passage win,
Because the Prince of Israel
Alone hath enter'd in:
The earth, the sky, the ocean
His glorious way adorn:
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born.

38 Eastern monarchs, Sages three

Tres magi de gentibus

¶ Latin text of the XV Cent. to be found in Leisentrit's *Gesangbuch*, A.D. 1567; Melody, from the Andernach *Gesangbuch*, 1608, harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.



2 Gold, in honour of the King,
Incense to the Priest they bring,
Myrrh, for time of burying—
Cum Virgine Maria.

3 On that dreadful day, the last,
He forgive our sinful past!
To His mercy cling we fast—
Cum Virgine Maria.

4 On His might (it hath no end)
All created things depend,
To His will the world must bend—
Cum Virgine Maria.

5 His the praise and glory be,
Laud and honour, victorie,
Power supreme! and so sing we
Cum Virgine Maria.

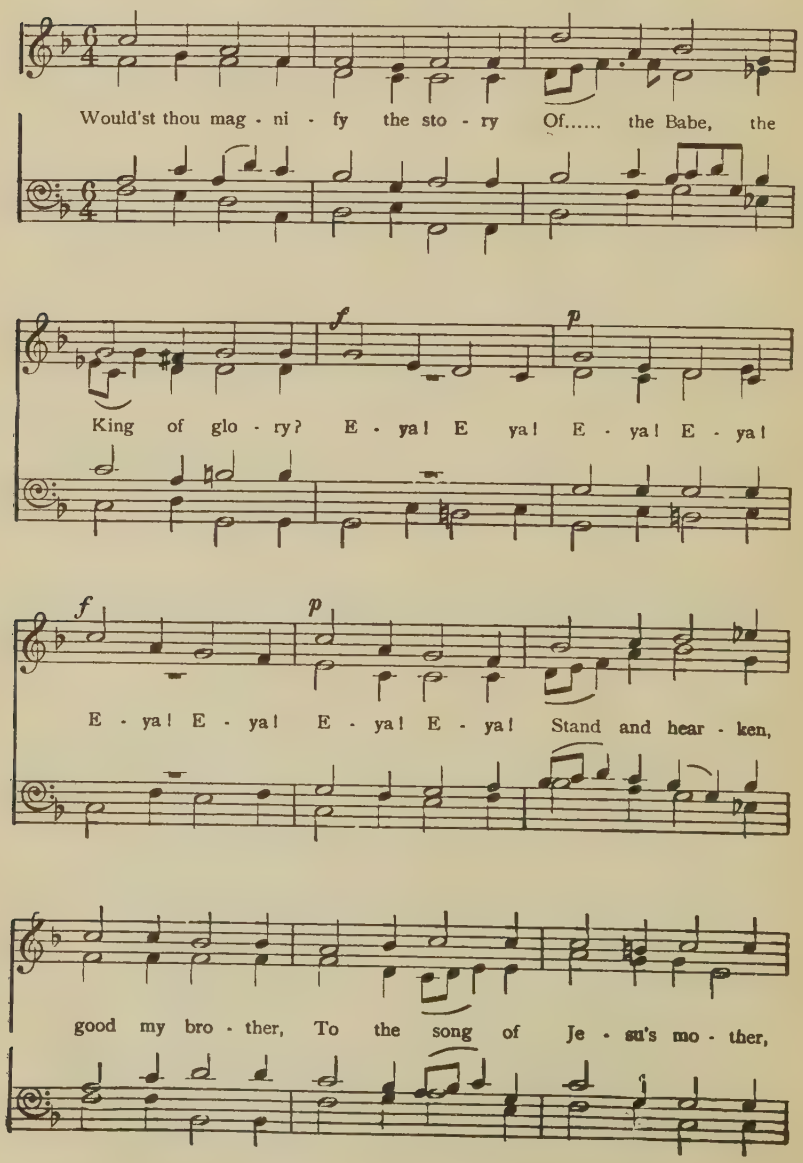
6 On the feast-day of His birth,
Set on thrones above the earth,
Angels chant in holy mirth
Cum Virgine Maria.

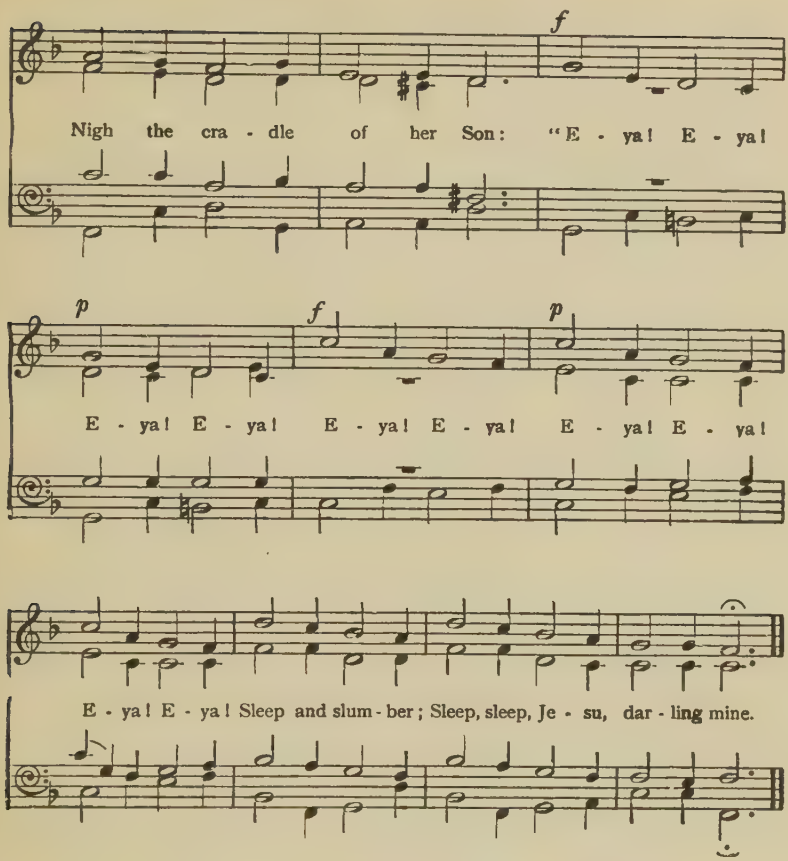
7 Thus, to bless the One in Three,
Let this present company
Raise the voice of melody—
Cum Virgine Maria.

39 Would'st thou magnify the story

Alle, die ihr Gott zu ehren

¶ Words by Paul Gerhardt, translated by the Editor of these Carols. Melody and harmony; Ebeling, 1667, as given by Zahn.





2 "Sleep, my Bridegroom, Son, nay rather
Son of God th'eternal Father:
Eya! Eya!
See, Thy cradle I have made Thee,
On Thy pillow gently laid Thee—
Sleep, Thou beautifullest Child.
Eya! Eya! sleep and slumber;
Sleep, my Saviour and my Babe.

3 "Sleep, Thou best of dowries golden;
Sleep, Thou Pearl of price untolden:
Eya! Eya!
Sleep, my Solace, passing metre,
Than the milk and honey sweeter:
Sleep, of hearts Thou noble Guest.
Eya! Eya! sleep and slumber;
Sleep, Thou matchless Lily-flower."

40 Ad cantum leticie

¶ Latin words from a XIII Cent. MS. at Stuttgardt: and music as arranged for two voices in *Piae Cantiones*, A.D. 1582. English words by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

ALTO.

1. Ad can - tum le - ti - ci - - - e Nos in - vi - tat ho -
2. Na - tus est E - ma - nu - - - el, Quem pre - di - xit Ga -
3. Er - go no - stra con - ci - - - o Psal - lens cum tri - pu -

BASSO.

1. Ad can - tum le - ti - ci - e Nos in - vi - tat
2. Na - tus est E - ma - nu - el, Quem pre - di - xit
3. Er - go no - stra con - ci - o Psal - lens cum tri -

- di - - e Spes et a - mor pa - tri - e Ce - le - stis.
- bri - - el, Un - de sanc - tus Da - ni - el Est te - stis.
- di - - o, Be - ne - di - cat Do - mi - no His fe - stis.

ho - di - e Spes et a - mor pa - tri - - e Ce - le - stis.
Ga - bri - el, Un - de sanc - tus Da - ni - - el Est te - stis.
pu - di - o, Be - ne - di - cat Do - mi - - no His fe - stis.

The same in English.

1 LOVE and hope of heav'nly rest,
And the song of such as fest
To-day bid us do our best
Endeavour.

2 Born is our Emanuel,
As foretold by Gabriel,
E'en as doth Saint Daniel
Assever.

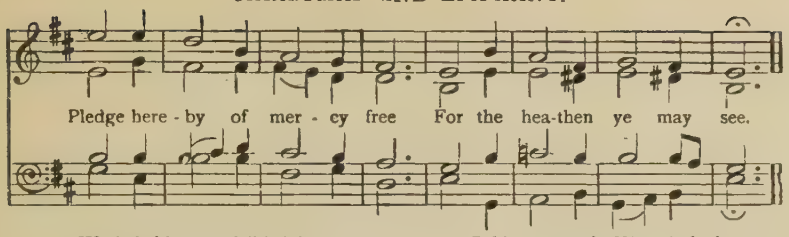
3 Wherefore let th' assembly all
Bless, in carol and choral,
Jesus on this festival,
And ever.

41 Touching grace, we Princes three

Nos respectu gracie

¶ From the Marbach Hymner at Colmar, XII Cent., as given by Mone. Melody from the Bohemian Brothers' Book, 1566. Versified and harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

Touch-ing grace, we Prin - ces three First-lings of the Gen - tiles be:



2 We beheld a star full bright,
Sign of Christ, the very Light:
Fared we hither, day and night,
Unto God our troth to plight.

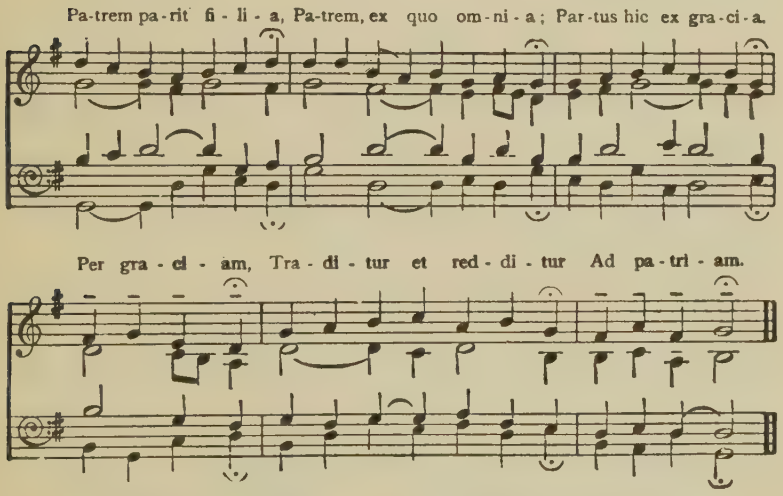
3 Triple gifts in hand have we,
Worthy a Babe of high degree:
Yonder Child on Mary's knee
Ruleth heaven, and earth, and sea.

4 Gold our comely King doth show,
Incense, Priest for evermo;
But the gift of myrrh thereto
Bodeth death of bitter woe.

5 Bright of yonder star the ray;
We, with you, good kings, to-day
Tune the lute and raise the lay,
Homage to this Babe to pay.

42 Patrem parit filia

¶ Words and Melody from a MS. of Pierre de Corbeil, Abp. of Sens, 1222, as given by M. Félix Clément. Harmony by Rev. G. H. Palmer.



2 Verbum instar seminis
Partum format virginis:
Nihil ibi criminis.
Per graciam, etc.

3 Latet sol in sidere,
Oriens in vespere,
Artifex in opere.
Per graciam, etc.

4 Celsus est in humili,
Solidus in fragili,
Figulus in fictili.
Per graciam, etc.

5 Venit ad nos humilis,
Lucifer mirabilis,
Pro nobis passibilis.
Per graciam, etc.

6 Ergo nostra concio,
Omni plena gaudio,
Benedicat Domino.
Per graciam, etc.

EASTER

43 Christ the Lord hath risen

Christ ist erstanden

¶ Words and Tune already well-known in the XII Cent.
Harmonized chiefly by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

℣. Christ the Lord hath ris - - en From His three - day
pris - - on: Meet it is to make mer - rie;
Je - sus will our sol - ace be. Al - le - lu - - ya.
℟. Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - - lu - ya.

2

℣. Christ to knap asunder
Chains that kept us under
Satan's yoke, was slain of yore:
Now He lives to die no more. Alleluya.
℟. Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya.

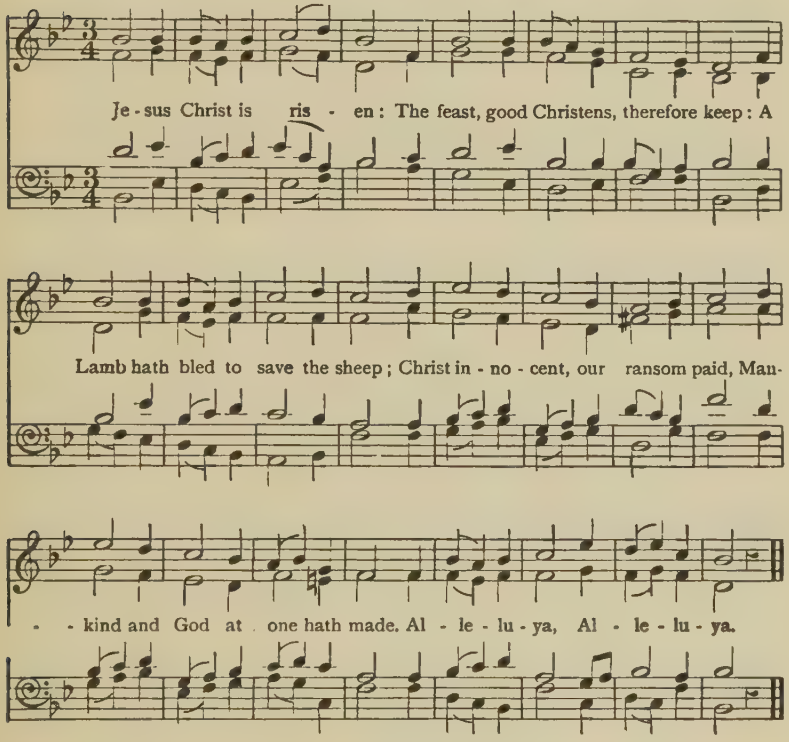
3

℣. Christ our Victor-giant,
Quells the foe defiant:
Let the ransom'd people sing,
Glory to the Easter King. Alleluya.
℟. Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya.

44 Jesus Christ is risen

Christus ist erstanden

¶ A versification of the Easter Sequence *Victime paschali* by Wipo, XI Cent. From the Trier *Gesangbuch*. English words by the Rev. G. R. Woodward. Tune harmonized by Dr. Charles Wood.



2 Jesus Christ is risen:
In battle royal, wonder-strife,
Life fought with Death for very life:
The Prince of life, but three days dead,
Now reigns in bliss, our living Head.
Alleluya, Alleluya.

3 Jesus Christ is risen:
Speak, Mary Magdalen, and say,
What sawest thou upon the way?
I saw His grave, and there adored
The glory of the risen Lord.
Alleluya, Alleluya.

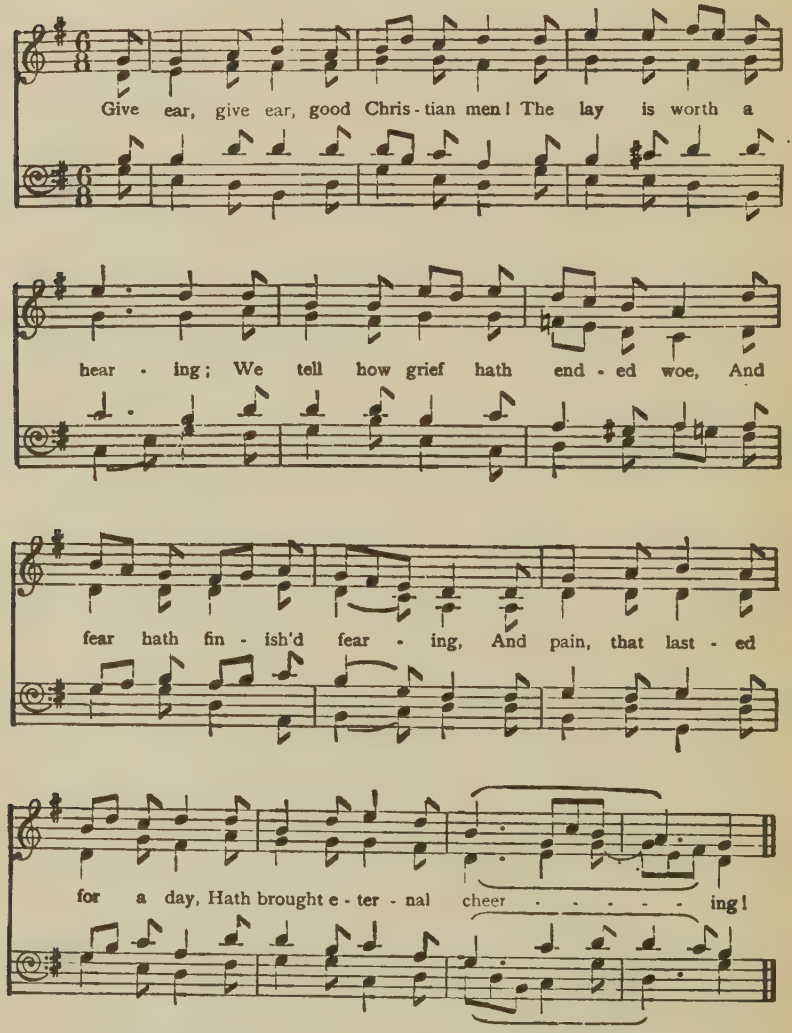
4 Jesus Christ is risen:
Within the cave, on either hand,
I spied a white-rob'd Angel stand:
The napkin, linen clothes thereto,
All neatly wrapt, were there to view.
Alleluya, Alleluya.

5 Jesus Christ is risen:
My Saviour Christ, my hope, my stay,
Hath risen from the tomb to-day:
Before you into Galilee
He goeth; there ye shall Him see.
Alleluya, Alleluya.

6 Jesus Christ is risen:
We know for certain, truth to tell,
That Christ arose from death and hell:
And while Thy Paschal song we sing,
Have pity on us, Victor-King.
Alleluya, Alleluya.

45 Give ear, give ear, good Christian men!

¶ Words written by Dr. Neale to the tune of *Homo quidam, rex nobilis,* in the *Piae Cantiones,* Harmony by the Editor.



2 Was ever battle won like this,—
Where He that lost was gaining:
And He that fell was triumphing,
And He that died was reigning:
And He that held the reed of scorn
A sceptre was obtaining?

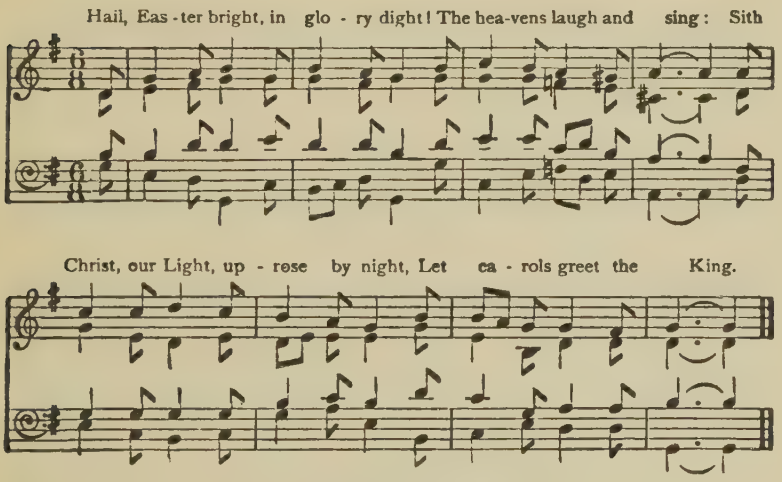
3 The winner then had such a foil
As crush'd him down for ever:
The wise was taken in his craft,
The strong in his endeavour:
And He, the Slain, was Victor still,
And he that slew Him, never.

4 Give ear, give ear, good Christian men!
The riddle is expounded;
From north to south, from east to west,
Its meaning shall be sounded:
On Easter Day was fought the fight,
Whereon the crown is founded!

46 Hail, Easter bright

Serena lux, amena lux

¶ Words from Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, set to the tune of *In Pescod time*, an English XVI Cent. Melody, and harmonized by Dr. Chas. Wood.



2 Ye sons of men, in triumph high,
Exult with heart and voice:
Ye sons of God, make glad reply,
Let heaven and earth rejoice.

3 Death's brazen bonds are burst atwain,
Forth step his caitiffs free:
The gift of life poor mortals gain
By Jesu's victory.

4 Our Paschal joy Christ Jesus is,
Delight of Angels aye:
'Tis He doth ope the gates of bliss,
And wash our guilt away.

5 His wounds, how fair to look upon!
He liveth, slain of yore:
Winter for Him is past and gone,
And tempests urge no more.

6 The blood of Christ won pardon sure
For man from God above:
In His, our death-wounds find a cure;
Thanks, Jesu, for Thy love.

47 Let the merry church bells ring

¶ Words by Dr. Neale, to the tune of *Vanitatum vanitas* in the *Piae Cantiones*, and harmonized by the Editor.

Let the mer - ry church bells ring, Hence with tears and sigh -

- ing; Frost and cold have fled from Spring, Life hath con - quer'd dy - ing:

Flow'rs are smil-ing, fields are gay, Sun-ny is the wea - ther: With our ris - ing

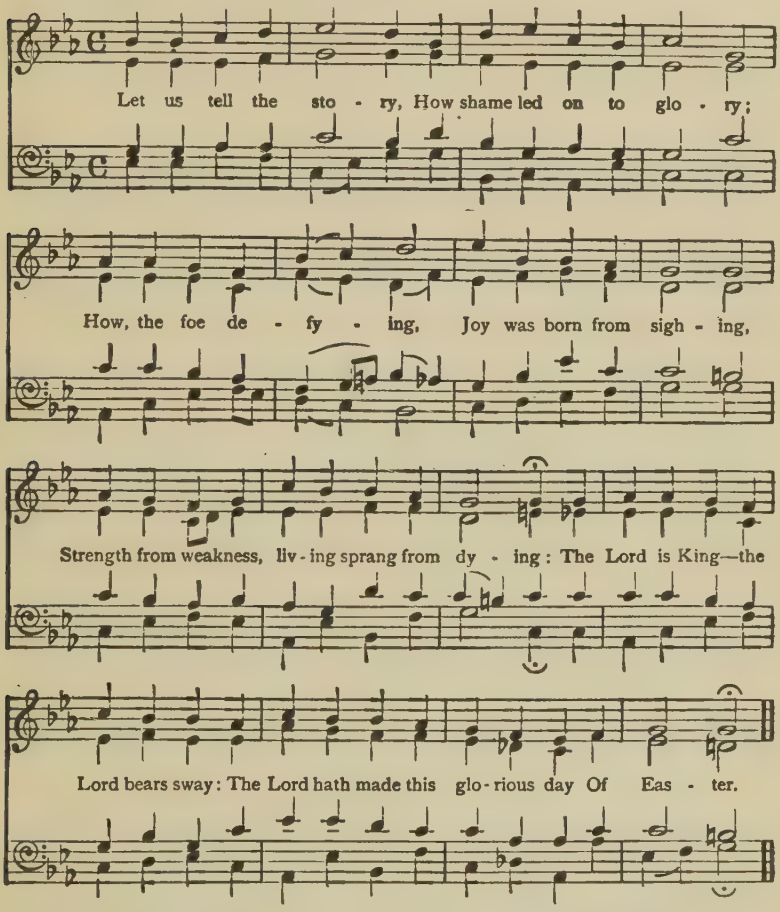
Lord to - day All things rise to - ge - - - ther.

2 Let the birds sing out again,
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him, with whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple:
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter;
Resurrexit, non est hic,
Is the strain they utter.

3 Let the past of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth;
Mourning heart must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it;
Since the very grave can say,
Christus resurrexit.

48 Let us tell the story

¶ Words by Dr. Neale, to the tune of *Ave maris stella, Divinitatis cella,* a Phrygian-mode Melody, to be found in the *Piae Cantiones.* Harmony by Rev. G. H. Palmer.



2

Now upon Mount Sion
Upriseth Judah's Lion;
Now His might He showeth,
Mighty ones o'erthroweth,
Conqu'ring and to conquer, forth He goeth:
And heav'n above and earth below
One common Alleluya know
At Easter.

3

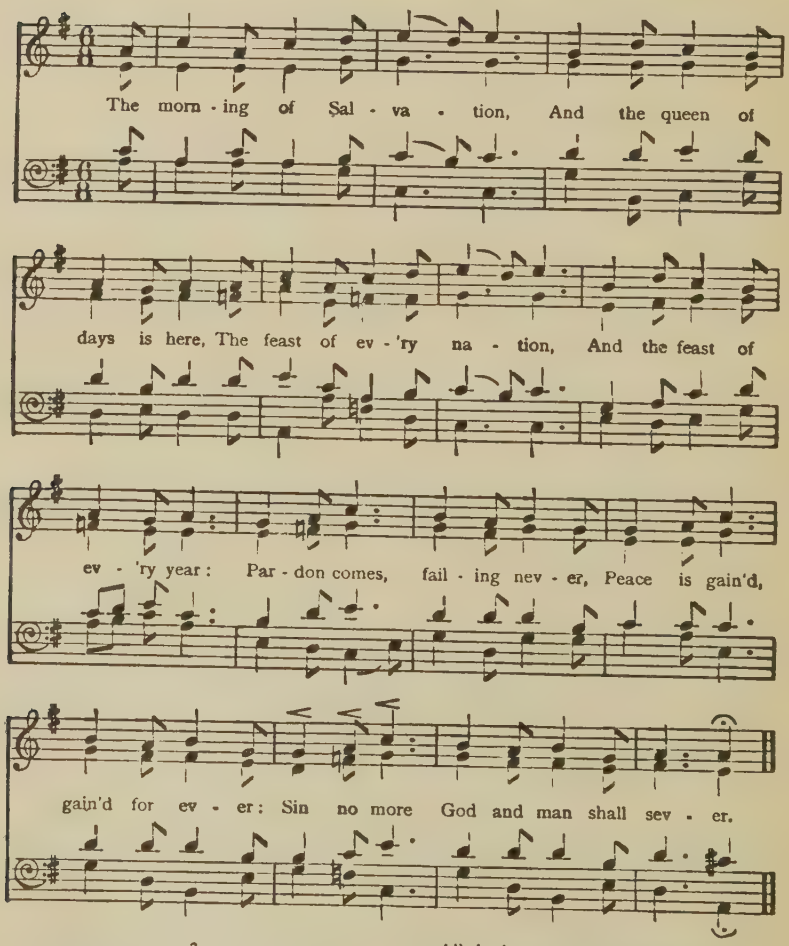
Ev'ry earthly battle
Is fought with armour's rattle,
And with war-steeds prancing,
And with helmets glancing,
And with pennons in the breezes dancing:
Another foe, another fight,
Was fought before the morning light
At Easter.

4

Single warfare waging,
Embattled hosts engaging,
He, by none assisted,
He, by all resisted,
Met and conquer'd hell, for conflict listed;
On Friday last His sword He drew;
The vanquish'd foe He overthrew
At Easter.

49 The morning of Salvation

¶ Words by Dr. Neale, to the tune of *In stadio laboris*, an Hypo-Dorian Mode Melody, in *Piae Cantiones*. Harmony by the Editor of these Carols.



2

For Pharao and our foemen,
  Horse and chariot, prince and slave,
His spearmen and his bowmen
  Hurried down to dare the wave.
Helmets gleam'd, trumpets sounded:
Grief and joy rose confounded:
Horses pranc'd, chariots jump'd and bounded.

3

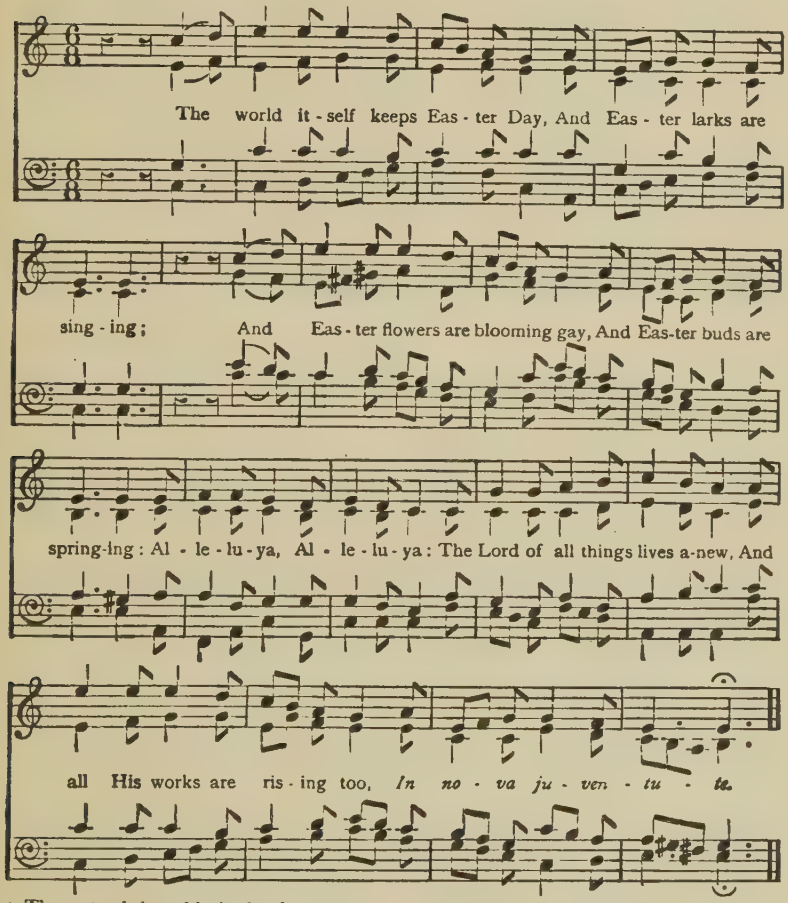
All night their efforts doubled:
  On they came with scoff and boast:
Till God look'd forth, and troubled
  All the bravest of their host.
Then the strong met the Stronger;
Vengeance then slept no longer;
Then the Wrong'd triumph'd o'er the wronger.

4

True Moses of Thy people;
  Thy renown and hard-won fame
They ring from every steeple,
  And in every church proclaim:
Victor o'er bands infernal,
King amidst pow'rs supernal,
Lead us on, up to joys eternal.

50 The world itself keeps Easter Day

¶ Words by Dr. Neale, to the tune, in the Phrygian Mode, of *Virgo Mater piissima*, in *Piae Cantiones*. Harmonised by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.



2 There stood three Maries by the tomb,
On Easter morning early;
When day had scarcely chas'd the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly:
Alleluya, Alleluya:
With loving but with erring mind,
They came the Prince of life to find,
Cum pia servitute.

3 But earlier still the angel sped,
His news of comfort giving:
And "why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the living?"
Alleluya, Alleluya:
"Go, tell them all, and make them blest,
Tell Peter first, and then the rest,"
Mandatum hoc secute.

4 But one, and one alone remain'd,
With love that could not vary;
And thus a joy past joy she gain'd,
That some-time sinner, Mary;
Alleluya, Alleluya:
The first the dear, dear form to see
Of Him that hung upon the tree,
Pro hominum salute.

5 The world itself keeps Easter Day,
Saint Joseph's Star is beaming;
Saint Alice has her primrose gay,
Saint George's Bells are gleaming;
Alleluya, Alleluya:
The Lord hath ris'n, as all things tell:
Good Christians, see ye rise as well,
Divina de virtute.

51

This joyful Easter-tide

¶ Words written for the tune of *Hoe groot de vrugten zijn*, from David's Psalmen, Amsterdam, 1685. Harmony by Dr. Charles Wood.

This joy - ful Eas - ter - tide,..... A - way with sin and
My Love, the Cru - ci - fied,..... Hath sprung to life this

sor . . . . . row!
mor . . . . . row.
Had Christ, that once was

slain, Ne'er burst His three - day pris - on, Our faith had been in

vain: But now hath Christ a ris - en, a - ris - en, a -

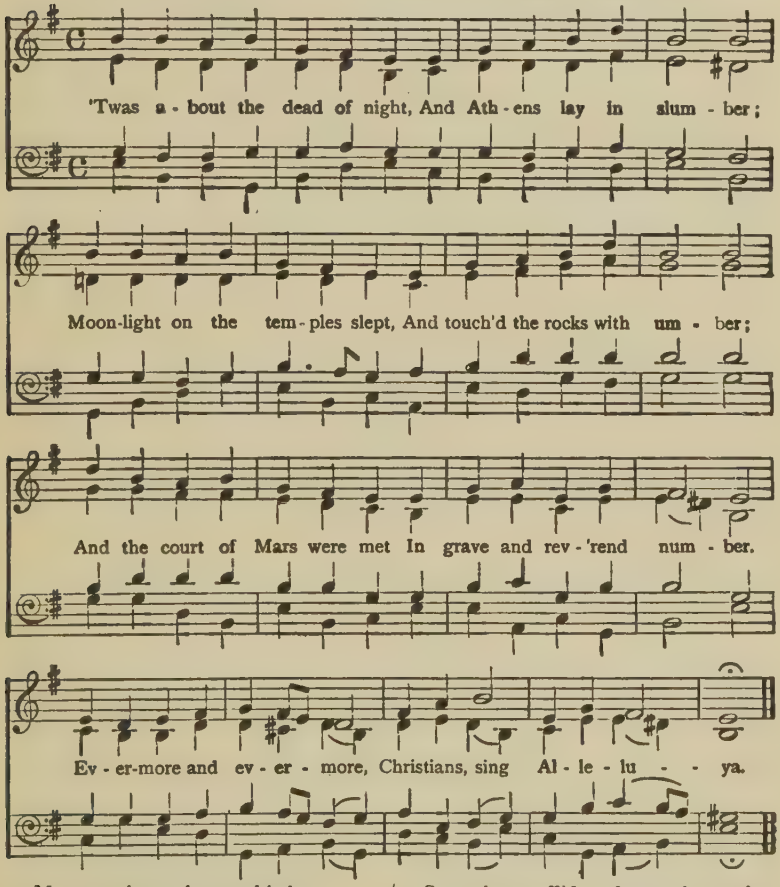
- ris - en, a - ris . . . . . en.

2 My flesh in hope shall rest,
And for a season slumber:
Till trump from east to west
Shall wake the dead in number.
Had Christ, that once, etc.

3 Death's flood hath lost his chill,
Since Jesus cross'd the river:
Lover of souls, from ill
My passing soul deliver.
Had Christ, that once, etc.

52 'Twas about the dead of night

¶ Words by Dr. Neale, to the tune of *Scribere proposui*, in the Dorian Mode, from *Piae Cantiones*. Harmony by the Editor of this Work.



2 Met were they to hear and judge
The teaching of a stranger;
O'er the ocean he had come,
Through want, and toil, and danger;
And he worshipp'd for his God
One cradled in a manger.
Evermore, etc.

3 While he spake against their gods,
And temples' vain erection,
Patiently they gave him ear,
And granted him protection;
Till, with bolder voice and mien,
He preach'd the Resurrection.
Evermore, etc.

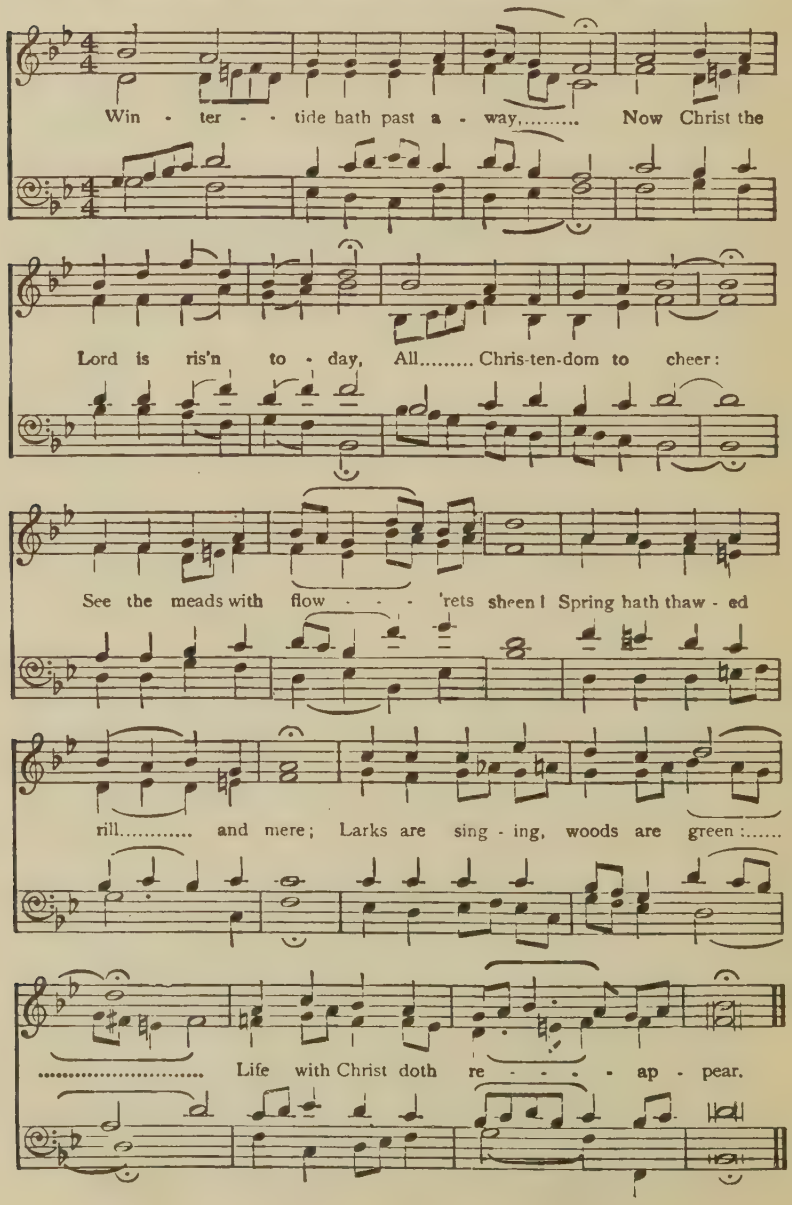
4 Some they scoff'd, and some they spake
Of blasphemy and treason;
Some replied with laughter loud,
And some replied with reason;
Others put it off until
A more convenient season.
Evermore, etc.

5 Athens heard and scorn'd it then,
Now Europe hath receiv'd it,
Wise men mock'd and jeer'd it once,
Now children have believ'd it;
This, good Christians, was the day
That gloriously achiev'd it.
Evermore, etc.

53 Winter-tide hath past away

Cedit hyems eminus

¶ Words from Wackernagel, Leisentrit, etc., apparently of the XIV Cent. Melody from *Piae Cantiones*, harmonized by Mr. B. Luard Selby.



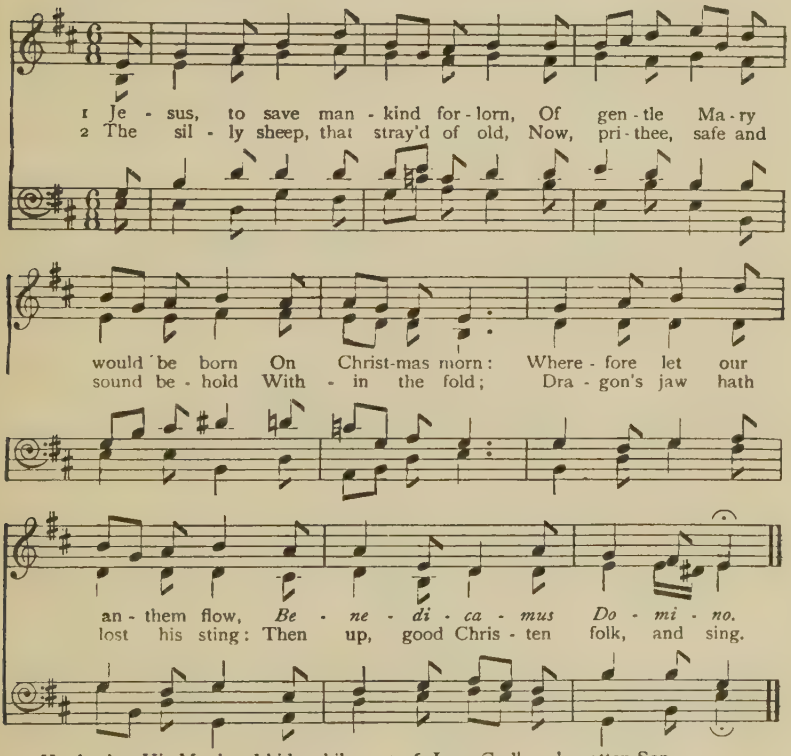
2 When the sheep in peril stood,
He came in search, that Shepherd Good,
Jesus, with faithful crook:
He full fain upon the Rood
Pangs of torture sore did brook,
Shedding forth His precious Blood,
Paid the things that ne'er He took.

3 He hath burst the bonds of hell,
And slain and stript the dragon fell,
Soaring in triumph high:
Pharäo, thou wicked king,
Captive see captivity
Led, by Jesus journeying
Up to realms above the sky.

54 Jesus, to save mankind forlorn

Jesus, humani generis

¶ Words translated and tune harmonized by the Editor of this work. From *Piae Cantiones.*



3 Hook, that His Manhood hid awhile,
Hath caught Leviathan by guile,
That monster vile:
Christ upon the tree doth quell
Our ancient foe, the prince of hell,

4 Lo! Wisdom bends her kindly eye
On man debarr'd the company
Of Angels high:
Lily of the valley here,
God sent His Son, our way to cheer.

5 Jesu, we bless Thy Holy Name,
Thou Word of God, of noble fame,
For aye the same:
In Thy bitter Cross we find
Sweet solace for the troubled mind.

6 Jesu, God's only-gotten Son,
Forgive the sins that we have done,
Full many one:
Wash the stain of guilt away,
Lest ours be punishment for aye.

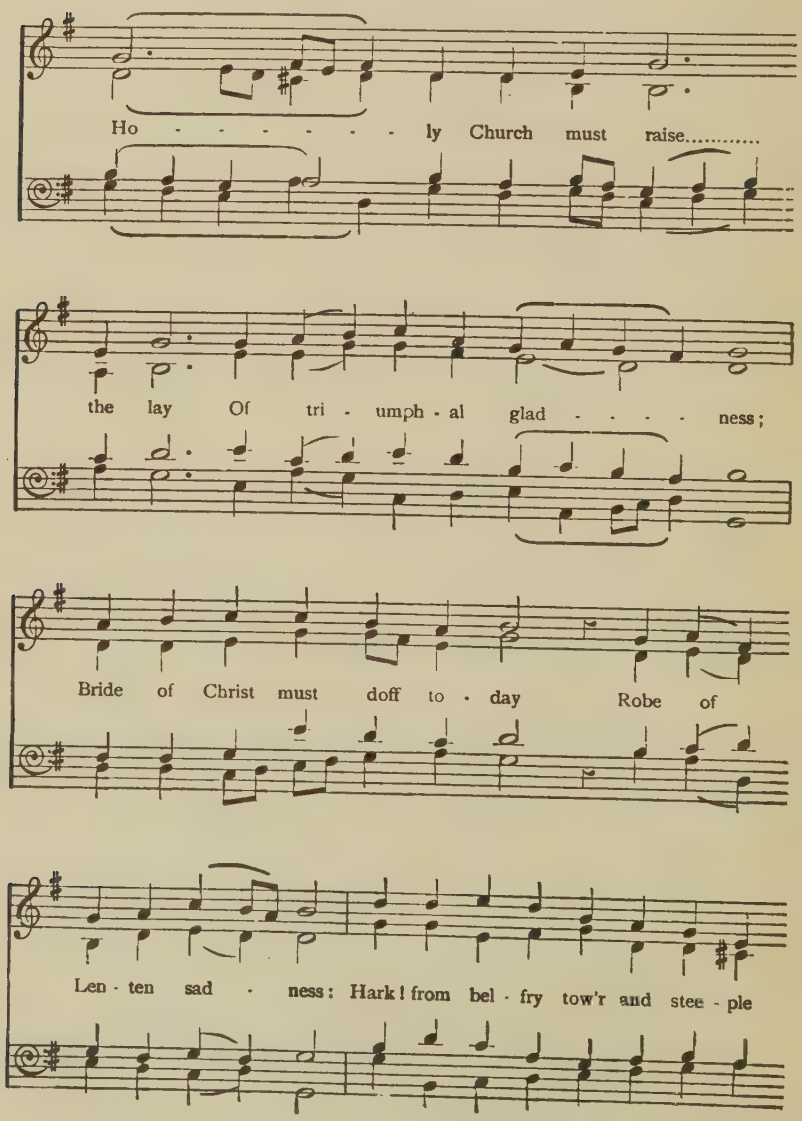
7 Thy precious Blood, we know full well,
Doth save us from our foeman fell,
And jaws of hell:
An it be the Father's will,
Thy people's tears remember still.

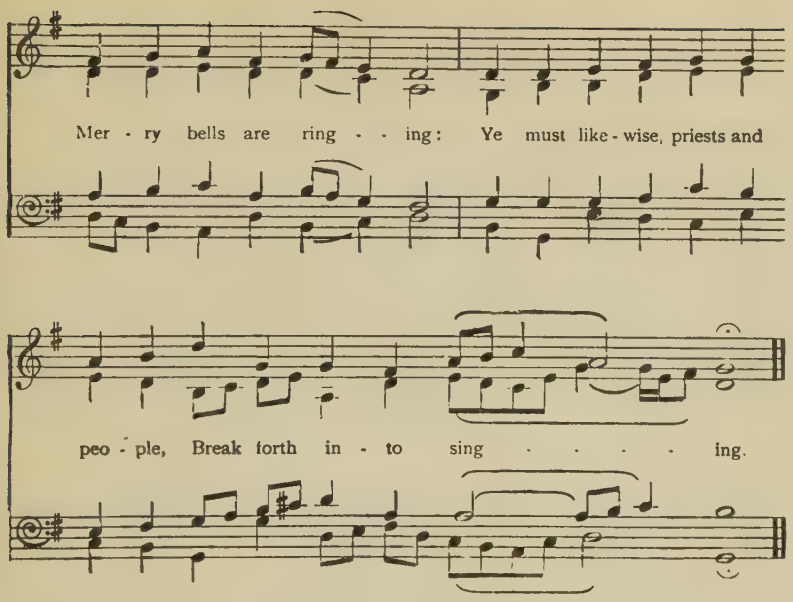
8 O Holy Ghost, with Father, Son,
To Thee be willing homage done,
While ages run:
Grant Thy servants from above
Thy sevenfold gift of heavenly love.

55 Holy Church must raise the lay

Carmen suo dilecto

¶ A free translation by the Rev. G. R. Woodward of an XI Cent. Sequence, given by Daniel and Mone. The melody of *Castitatis speculum* from *Piae Cantiones,* harmonized by Mr. B. Luard Selby.





2 Man unto his wife shall cleave,
  Quitting father, mother:
Christ His Father's home did leave,
  For the love of other:
See, O Church, the Lord of heaven,
  (Synagogue forsaken)
Unto thee His troth hath given,
  Thee to wife hath taken.

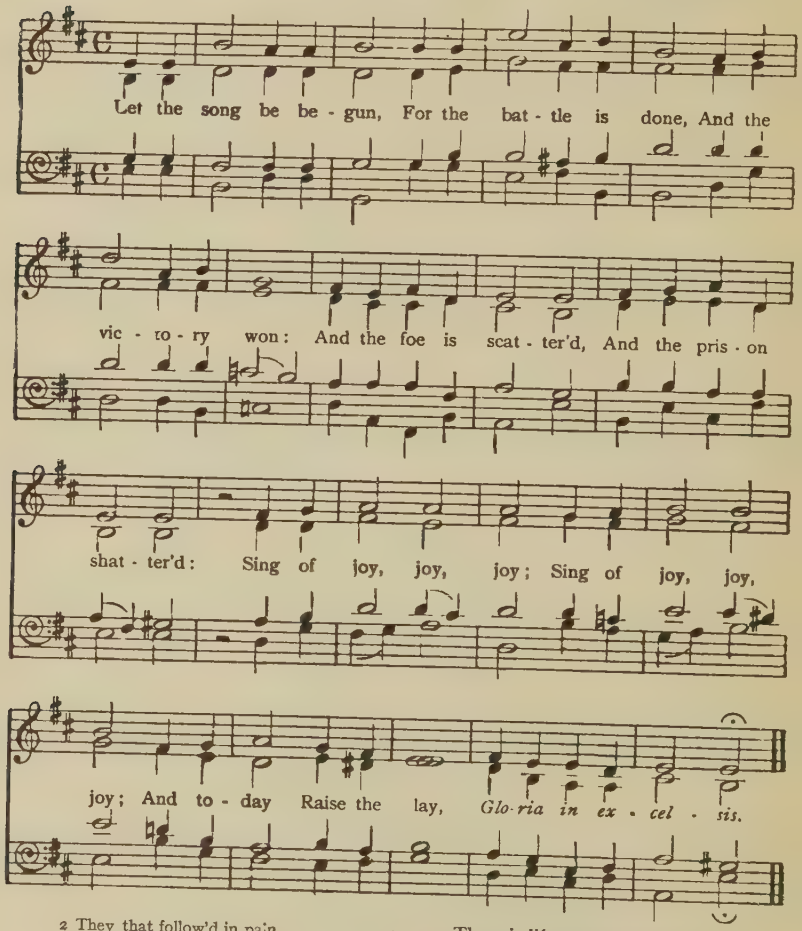
3 From the Bridegroom's riven side
  Blood and water flowing
Sacraments pre-signified,
  Grace to man bestowing:
Wooden ark doth safely cherish
  Noë's sons and daughters,
While the disobedient perish
  In the deluge-waters.

4 Samson until midnight lay,
  Gaza's guards despising;
While men slept, he bore away
  Gates and bars, arising:
David to his brethren goeth,
  And, on God reliant,
With a sling and stone o'erthroweth
  Goliath the giant.

5 Adam in a garden fell:
  In a garden Jesus
(Second Adam He) from hell
  Meetly doth release us:
Therefore, fear no more, ye mortals,
  Satan, arch-deceiver:
Christ doth open Eden's portals
  To the true believer.

56 Let the song be begun

¶ Words by Dr. Neale. Melody of *Personent hodie* from *Piae Cantiones*, in the Dorian Mode, harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.



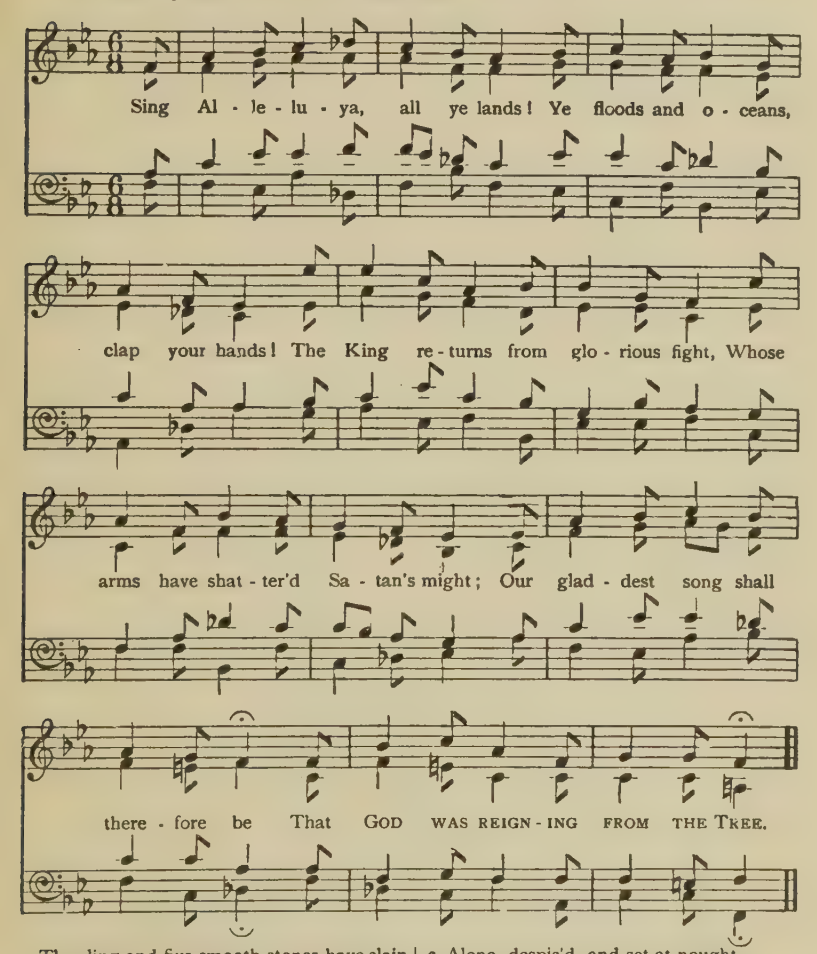
2 They that follow'd in pain
Shall now follow to reign,
And the crown shall obtain;
They were sore assaulted,
They shall be exalted:
Sing of rest, rest, rest;
Sing of rest, rest, rest;
And again Pour the strain,
Gloria in excelsis.

3 For the foe nevermore
Can approach to the shore,
When the conflict is o'er;
There is joy supernal;
There is life eternal;
Sing of peace, peace, peace;
Sing of peace, peace, peace;
Earth and skies Bid it rise
Gloria in excelsis.

4 Then be brave, then be true,
Ye despis'd and ye few,
For the crown is for you:
Christ, that went before you,
Spreads His buckler o'er you:
Sing of hope, hope, hope;
Sing of hope, hope, hope;
And to-day Raise the lay
Gloria in excelsis.

57 Sing Alleluya, all ye lands

¶ Words by Dr. Neale. Melody of *Christus pro nobis passus est,* from Lossius' *Psalmodia,* Wittenberg, 1561, *Piae Cantiones,* &c. Harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.



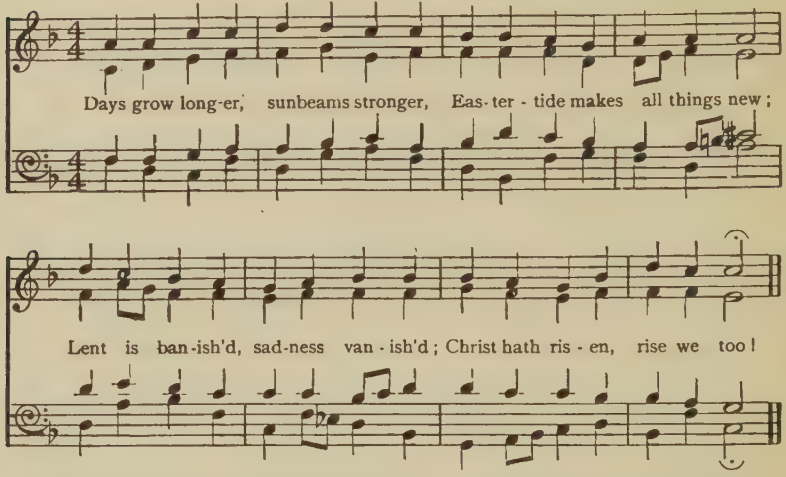
2 The sling and five smooth stones have slain
The giant on the battle-plain:
And Holofernes' falchion dread
Hath sever'd Holofernes' head:
Our chief is crown'd, for slain was He,
When GOD WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE.

3 Alone, despis'd, and set at nought,
The press He trod, the fight He fought:
Alone He crush'd the Dragon down,
And so alone He wears the crown:
The Sun is bright, the clouds must flee,
For GOD WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE.

4 Jerusalem, arise and shine!
The glory of thy Lord is thine:
The Victor's crown, the royal throne,
Are all his gift, and all thine own:
For all of his thine own shall be,
Since GOD WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE.

58 Days grow longer, sunbeams stronger

¶ Words by Dr. Neale. Melody of *O scholares, voce pares,* from *Piae Cantiones,* harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.



2 Christmas meetings, Twelfth-night greetings,
Whitsun sports are glad and gay;
But the lightest and the brightest
Of our feasts is Easter Day.

3 Earthly story crowns with glory
Him who earthly foes o'ercame;
Victor's laurel ends the quarrel,
Honour dwells about his name.

4 Vanquish'd legions, conquer'd regions,
Kings depos'd and princes bound;
Exultation, acclamation
Fill his ears and float around

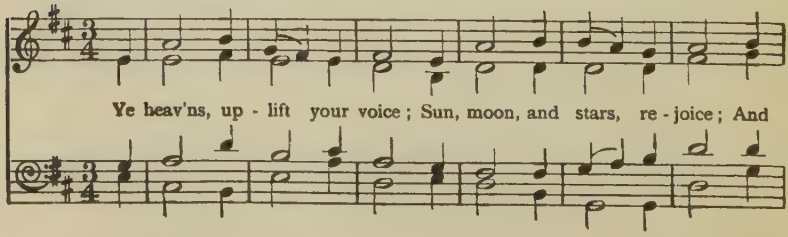
5 Then unending and transcending
Be the glory of the Son;
For transcendent and resplendent
Was the vict'ry He hath won.

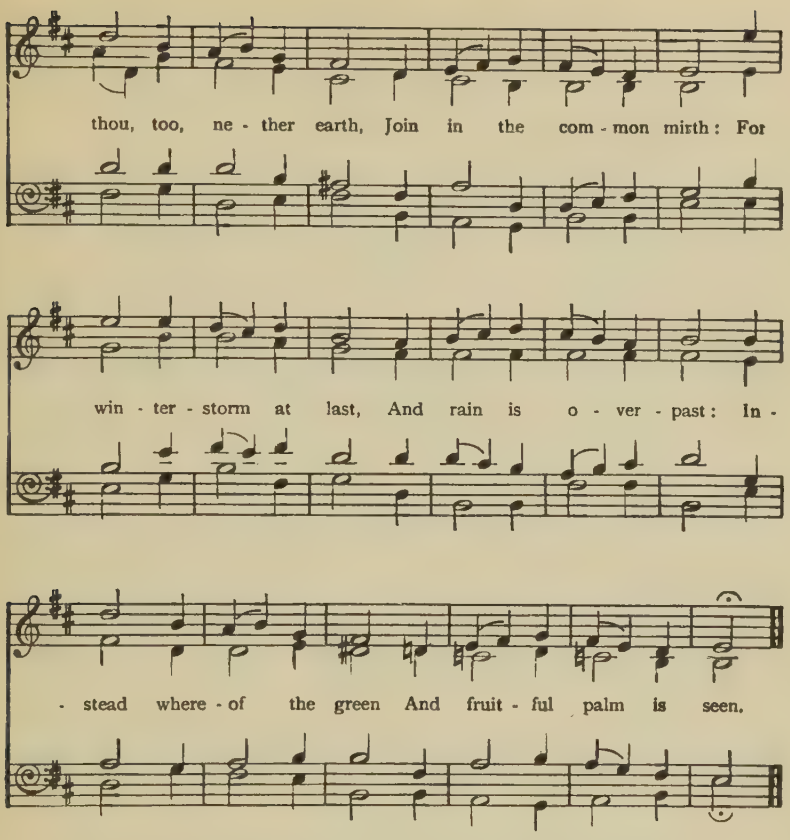
6 Death hath yielded, life is shielded,
Satan bound, and Hell in chains;
Chas'd is terror, fled is error,
Grief is past, and joy remains.

59 Ye heav'ns, uplift your voice

Plaudite cell

¶ Words, apparently of the XIV or XV Cent., from Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus,* to the Melody of *O mentes perfidas* (in the Dorian Mode) from *Piae Cantiones;* versified and harmonized by the Editor of this Work.





2 Ye flow'rs of spring, appear;
Your gentle heads uprear,
And let the growing seed
Enamel lawn and mead.
Ye roses, inter-set
With clumps of violet,
Ye lilies white, unfold
In beds of marygold.

3 Ye birds, with open throat
Prolong your sweetest note;
Awake, ye blissful quires,
And strike your merry lyres:
For why, unhurt by Death,
The Lord of life and breath,
Jesus, as He fore-said,
Is risen from the dead.

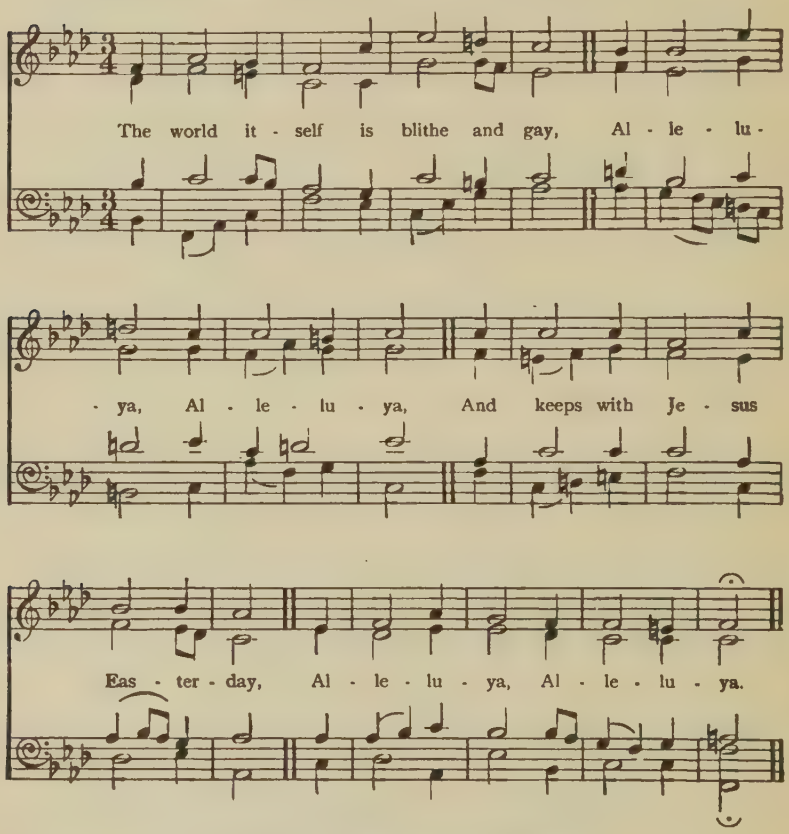
4 Ye mountains, skip for glee;
Ye fountains, joyful be;
Let hill and vale around
Re-echo to the sound.
For why, unhurt by Death,
The Lord of life and breath,
Jesus, as He fore-said,
Is risen from the dead.

N.B.—*This tune may be sung to the well-known hymn,* "There is a blessed home.

60 The world itself is blithe and gay

Die ganze Welt, Herr Jesu Christ

¶ The words and melody from the *Kölnisches Gesangbuch*, **1623.** Versified and harmonized by the Editor of these Carols.



2 The skies with Angel-musick ring, Alleluya;
While holy Church on earth doth sing Alleluya.

3 Our fields are deckt in vernal hue, Alleluya;
The trees begin to bloom anew. Alleluya.

4 Hark! birds are singing, far and near, Alleluya,
The nightingale 'tis joy to hear. Alleluya.

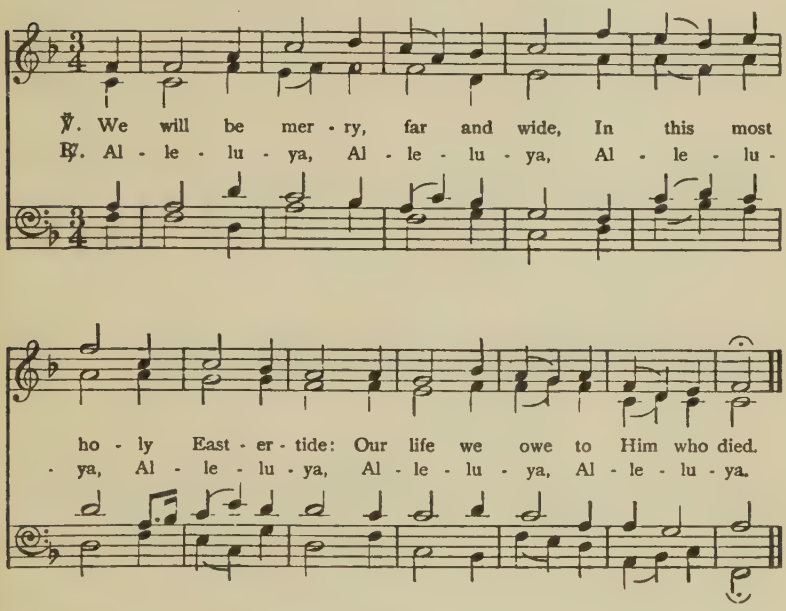
5 Now sunbeams daily stronger grow, Alleluya,
And lend the earth a brighter glow. Alleluya.

6 The world itself is blithe and gay, Alleluya,
And keeps with Jesus Easter-day. Alleluya.

61 We will be merry, far and wide

Wir wollen alle frölich seyn

¶ Old German words, XIV or XV Cent., at latest, versified by the Rev. G. R. Woodward; the old traditional melody harmonized by M. Praetorius, Mus. Syon., A.D. 1610.



2

℣. Now Christ is ris'n, to die no more,
Death on the Cross Who nobly bore;
Him therefore bless we evermore.
℟. Alleluya, etc.

3

℣. The gates of death in twain He broke,
And led thereout His ransom'd folk,
Ay free from Satan's deadly yoke.
℟. Alleluya, etc.

4

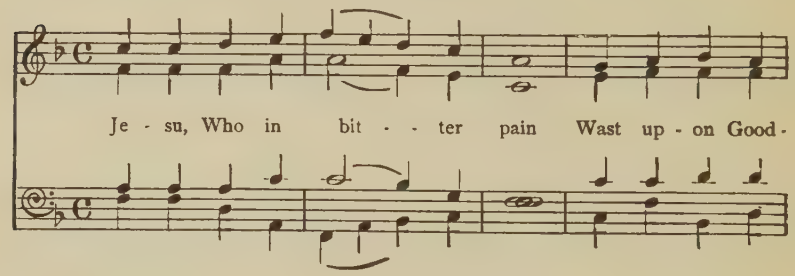
℣. Praise, honour, laud to Christ be done,
The Father's only, sinless Son,
Who Paradise for man re-won.
℟. Alleluya, etc.

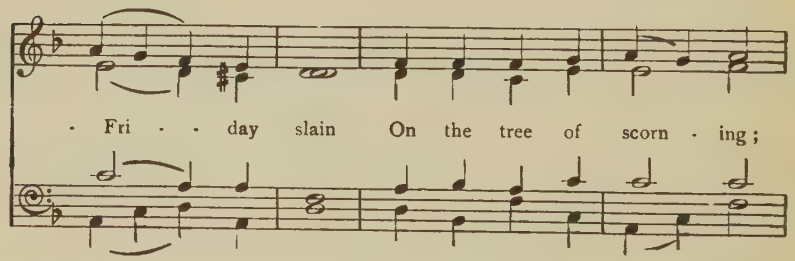
5

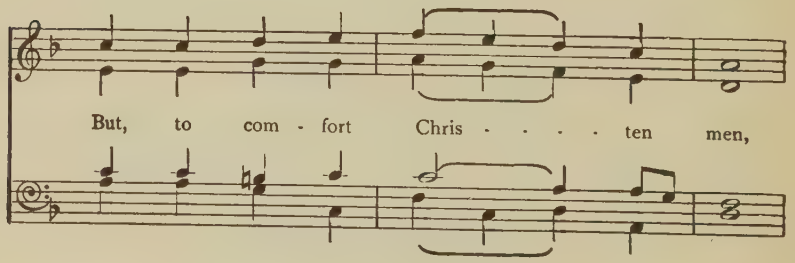
℣. Good Christen people, sing for glee,
And praise the Holy Trinity,
From age to age eternally.
℟. Alleluya, etc.

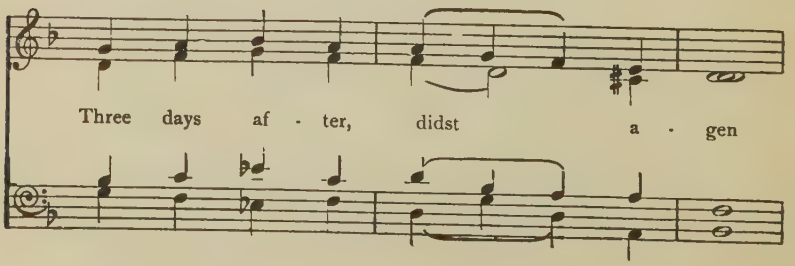
62 Jesu, Who in bitter pain

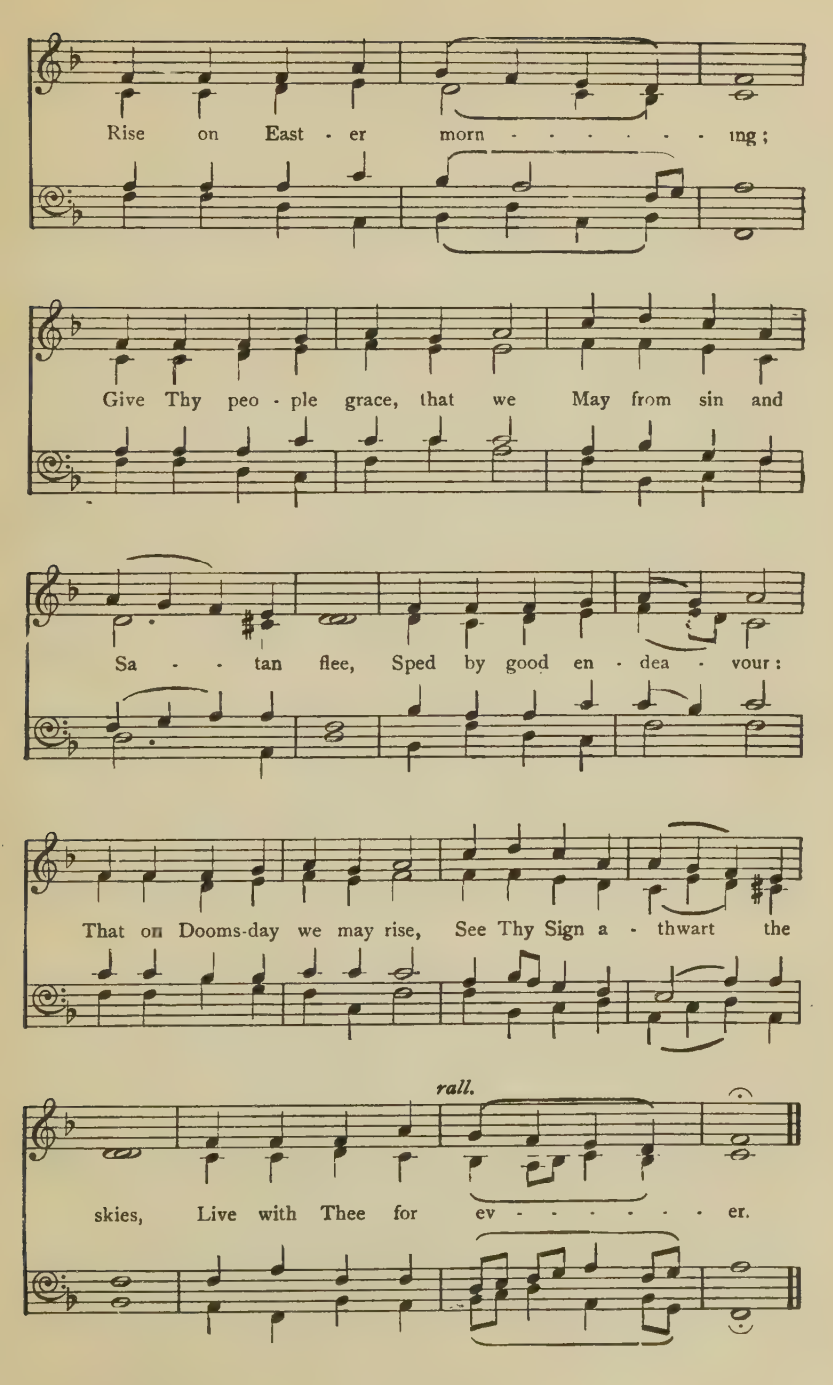
¶ Words written for the tune of *O scholares discite* in *Piae Cantiones*. Harmony by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.










Rise on East - er morn - - - - - - - ing;
Give Thy peo - ple grace, that we May from sin and
Sa - - tan flee, Sped by good en - dea - vour:
That on Dooms-day we may rise, See Thy Sign a - thwart the
rall.
skies, Live with Thee for ev - - - - - - - er.

ASCENSION

63 Christ before th' Eleven

Christ führ gen Himmel

¶ Words written for the Melody of *Christ ist erstanden*, in the Dorian Mode (see Carol 43). Harmony chiefly by the Rev G. R. Woodward.

℣. Christ be-fore th' E-lev - en Rose from earth to hea - ven, Lift-ing up His ei - ther hand, Bless-ing sky and sea and land. Al - le - lu - ya.

℟. Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya.

2

℣. Him from them in wonder,
Lo! a cloud doth sunder:
See the Master wend His way,
Taken from their head to-day. Alleluya.

℟. Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya.

3

℣. Hear glad angels singing,
Bells on high a-ringing,
Merry noise and trumpet-sound:—
Mary's Son is heav'nward bound. Alleluya.

℟. Alleluya. Alleluya, Alleluya.

4

℣. Wherefore went He thither
But to send us hither
Promise of the Holy Ghost
Ten days hence, at Pentecost. Alleluya.

℟. Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya.

5

℣. Diadem He weareth,
Place for us prepareth;
Prevalent doth live to plead
For His folk in time of need. Alleluya.

℟. Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya.

6

℣. Erst by foes assaulted,
See Him now exalted:
As foretold in holy writ,
With the Lord my Lord doth sit. Alleluya.

℟. Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya.

7

℣. Lord, where Thou hast enter'd,
There our hopes be centred:
After Thee we run full fain;
Draw, O draw us in Thy train. Alleluya.

℟. Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya.

64 First Tune God is gone up on high to-day

Celos ascendit hodie

¶ XV Cent. From the Trier Gesangbuch, 1893. Harmony by the Rev. G. H. Palmer.

To be sung in Unison.

God is gone up on high to - day, Al - el - lu - ya.

Je - sus the King of bliss for aye: Al - le - lu -

- ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya. *Last time.* ya.

2 Set at the Father's own right hand,
Alleluya.
Sovran of sky, and sea, and land.
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya.

3 The words of David, all and some,
Alleluya.
In very sooth, to pass are come.
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya.

4 My Lord now with the Lord doth sit,
Alleluya.
High on His heavenly throne, to wit
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya.

5 Now Christ hath vanquish'd every foe,
Alleluya.
Benedicamus Domino.
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya.

6 To holy Trinity give praise,
Alleluya.
With *Deo gracias* always.
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya.

64 Second Tune God is gone up on high to-day

Celos ascendit hodie

¶ The same, set to another Melody from Corner, 1625, as given by Bäumker, and harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

To be sung in Unison.

Boys. *Men.*

God is gone up on high to - day: Al - le - lu -

- ya..... Al - le - lu - ya. *Boys.* Je - sus the King of

bliss for aye: Al - le - lu - ya,..... *Men.* Al - le - lu - ya.

2 Set at the Father's own right hand,
Alleluya, Alleluya.
Sovran of sky, and sea, and land.
Alleluya, Alleluya.

3 The words of David, all and some,
Alleluya, Alleluya.
In very sooth, to pass are come.
Alleluya, Alleluya.

4 My Lord now with the Lord doth sit,
Alleluya, Alleluya.
High on His heavenly throne, to wit.
Alleluya, Alleluya.

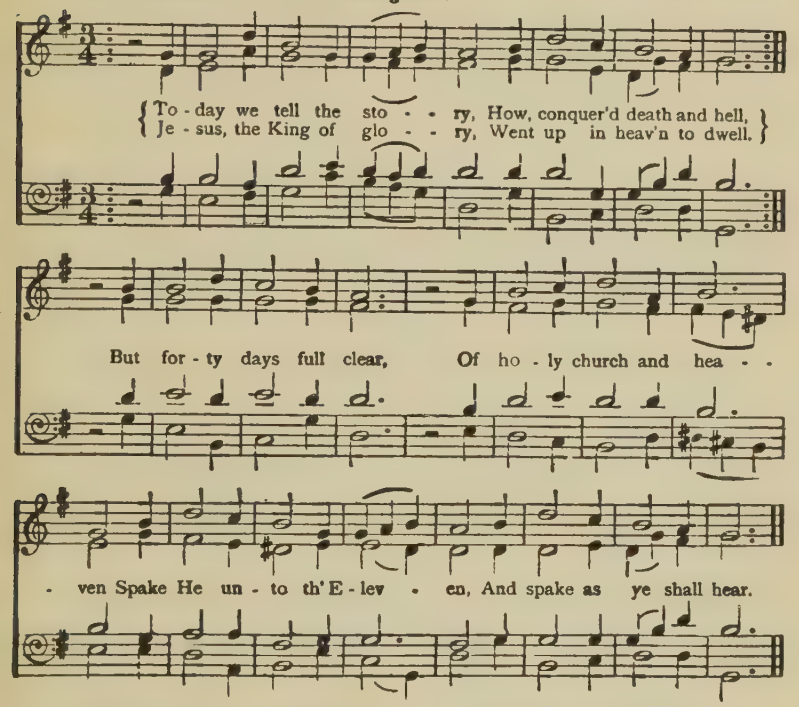
5 Now Christ hath vanquish'd every foe,
Alleluya, Alleluya.
Benedicamus Domino.
Alleluya, Alleluya.

6 To holy Trinity give praise,
Alleluya, Alleluya.
With *Deo gracias* always.
Alleluya, Alleluya.

65 First Tune — To-day we tell the story

Rex omnipotens die hodierna

¶ Melody of *Aus meines Herzens Grunde*, David Wolder, 1598. Harmonies from a German Gesangbuch.



2 "Receive," said He, "My blessing,
The kiss of peace thereto:
Go forth, your Lord confessing
The wide world through and through:
Go sinners bind, or free;
Cleanse in baptismal waters
All Adam's sons and daughters
In Name of Trinity.

3 "At Salem here abiding,
Not many days at most,
According to My tiding,
Wait ye the Holy Ghost:
Him shall the Father send:
Then go, the Gospel preaching,
First Jew, then Gentile teaching
To earth's remotest end."

4 But lo! a cloud 'gan sunder
Christ from th' Apostles' eyes:
Him they behold in wonder
Ascending to the skies:
These men of Galilee,
As upward they stand gazing
Upon the sight amazing,
Two white-rob'd Angels see.

5 "Good sirs, why stand ye straining
Into the clear blue sky?
He sits in glory reigning
At God's right hand on high:
This self-same Jesus so
Shall come in clouds of glory
(It is no idle story)
As ye have seen Him go."

6 Sovran of all Thy creatures,
Whom earth, sky, sea, obey,
Thou after Thine own features
Mankind didst form of clay:
Soon Satan, full of guile,
Led captive us poor mortals,
And snut for men the portals
Of Paradise awhile.

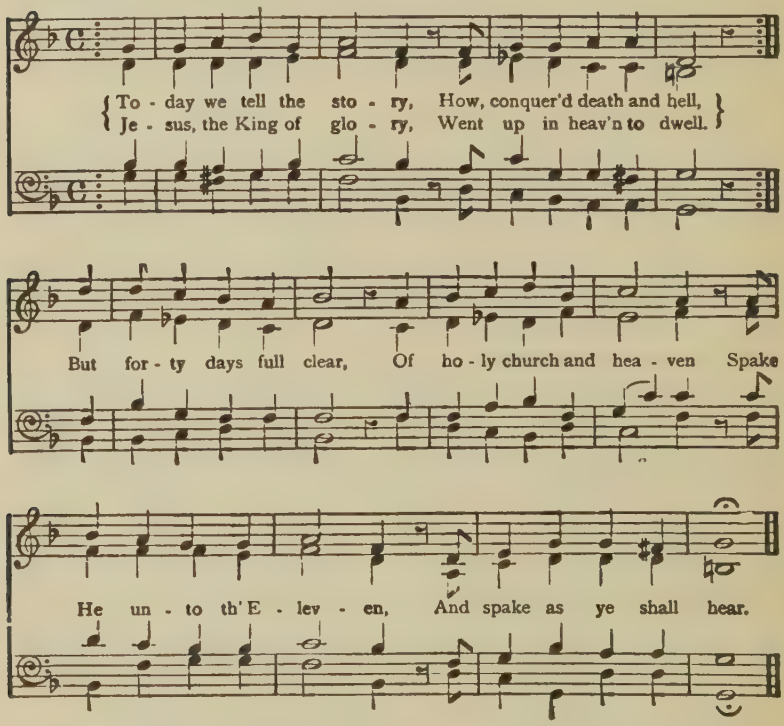
7 But see, Thy crimson raiment
Doth plainly testify
That Thou hast made full payment
For man's iniquity:
To Paradise again,
From whence we were ejected,
Uplift Thy folk elected,
Draw, draw us in Thy train.

8 Christ, at Thy next appearing,
To deem the quick and dead,
May words to work our cheering
To us by Thee be said:
Where seemly Angels sing
'Mid realms of light supernal,
May we in songs eternal
Praise Thee, of heaven King.

65 Second Tune — To-day we tell the story

Rex omnipotens die hodierna

¶ Sequence of the XI Cent., probably by Herman Contract. Melody of *Von Gott will ich nicht lassen*, from Joachim Magdeburg's Tischgesänge, 1572, as given by Layriz.



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The kiss of peace thereto:
Go forth, your Lord confessing
The wide world through and through:
Go sinners bind, or free;
Cleanse in baptismal waters
All Adam's sons and daughters
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3 "At Salem here abiding,
Not many days at most,
According to My tiding,
Wait ye the Holy Ghost:
Him shall the Father send:
Then go, the Gospel preaching,
First Jew, then Gentile teaching
To earth's remotest end."

4 But lo! a cloud 'gan sunder
Christ from th' Apostles' eyes:
Him they behold in wonder
Ascending to the skies:
These men of Galilee,
As upward they stand gazing
Upon the sight amazing,
Two white-rob'd Angels see.

5 "Good sirs, why stand ye straining
Into the clear blue sky?
He sits in glory reigning
At God's right hand on high:
This self-same Jesus so
Shall come in clouds of glory
(It is no idle story)
As ye have seen Him go."

6 Sovran of all Thy creatures,
Whom earth, sky, sea, obey,
Thou after Thine own features
Mankind didst form of clay:
Soon Satan, full of guile,
Led captive us poor mortals,
And shut for men the portals
Of Paradise awhile.

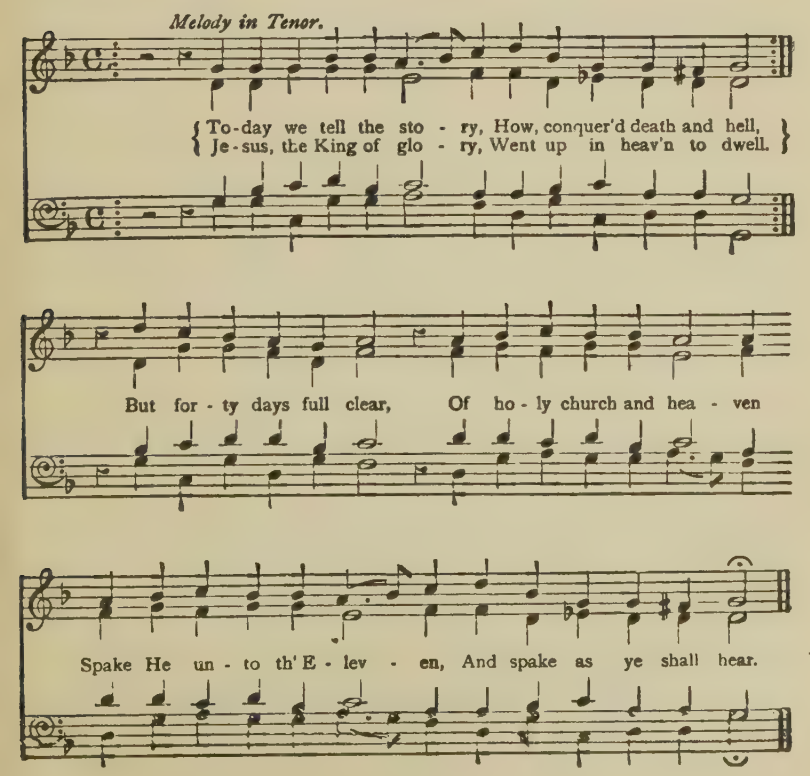
7 But see, Thy crimson raiment
Doth plainly testify
That Thou hast made full payment
For man's iniquity:
To Paradise again,
From whence we were ejected,
Uplift Thy folk elected,
Draw, draw us in Thy train.

8 Christ, at Thy next appearing,
To deem the quick and dead,
May words to work our cheering
To us by Thee be said:
Where seemly Angels sing
'Mid realms of light supernal,
May we in songs eternal
Praise Thee, of heaven King.

65 Third Tune — To-day we tell the story

Rex omnipotens die hodierna

¶ Melody and setting of '*Helft mir Gotts Güte preisen,*' by W. Figulus, 1575.



66 A Virgin most pure

¶ Traditional words. Melody (in the Mixolydian Mode) from *Some Ancient Christmas Carols*, by Davies Gilbert, 1822 and 1823. Setting by C. W.

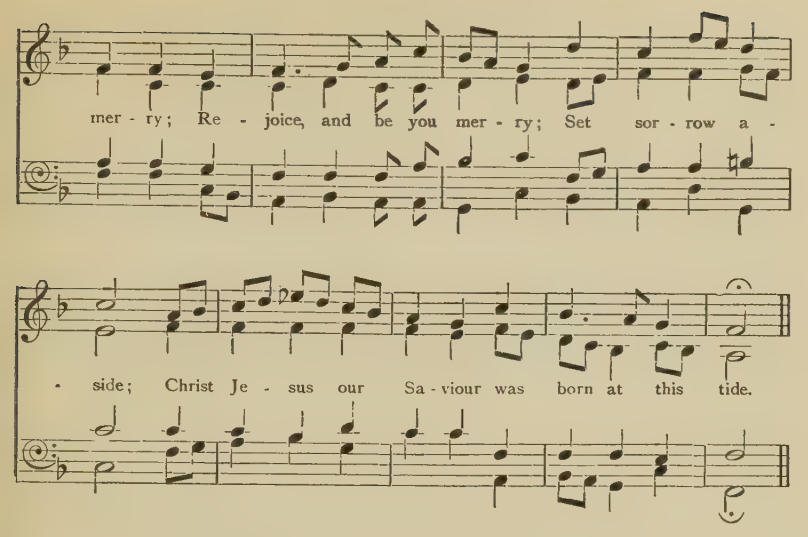
℣. A Vir - gin most pure, as the Pro - phets do tell, Hath

brought forth a Ba - by, as it hath be - fell; To be our Re -

- deem - er from Death, Hell, and Sin, Which A - dam's trans -

- gres - sion had wrap - ped us in. ℟. Aye, and there - fore be

* In verse 4 these tied notes must be split.



℣. 2 In Bethlehem Jewry a City there was,
Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,
And there to be taxèd with many one mo,
For Caesar commanded the same should be so.

℟. Aye, and therefore, etc.

℣. 3 But when they had ent'red the City so fair,
A number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could find in the Inn there no lodging at all.

℟. Aye, and therefore, etc.

℣. 4 Then they were constrain'd in a stable to lye,
Where horses and asses they us'd for to tie;
Their lodging so simple they took it no scorn,
But against the next morning our Saviour was born.

℟. Aye, and therefore, etc.

℣. 5 The King of all kings to this world being brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was sought;
And when she had swadled her young Son so sweet,
Within an ox manger she laid Him to sleep.

℟. Aye, and therefore, etc.

℣. 6 Then God sent an Angel from Heaven so high,
To certain poor Shepherds in fields where they lye,
And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.

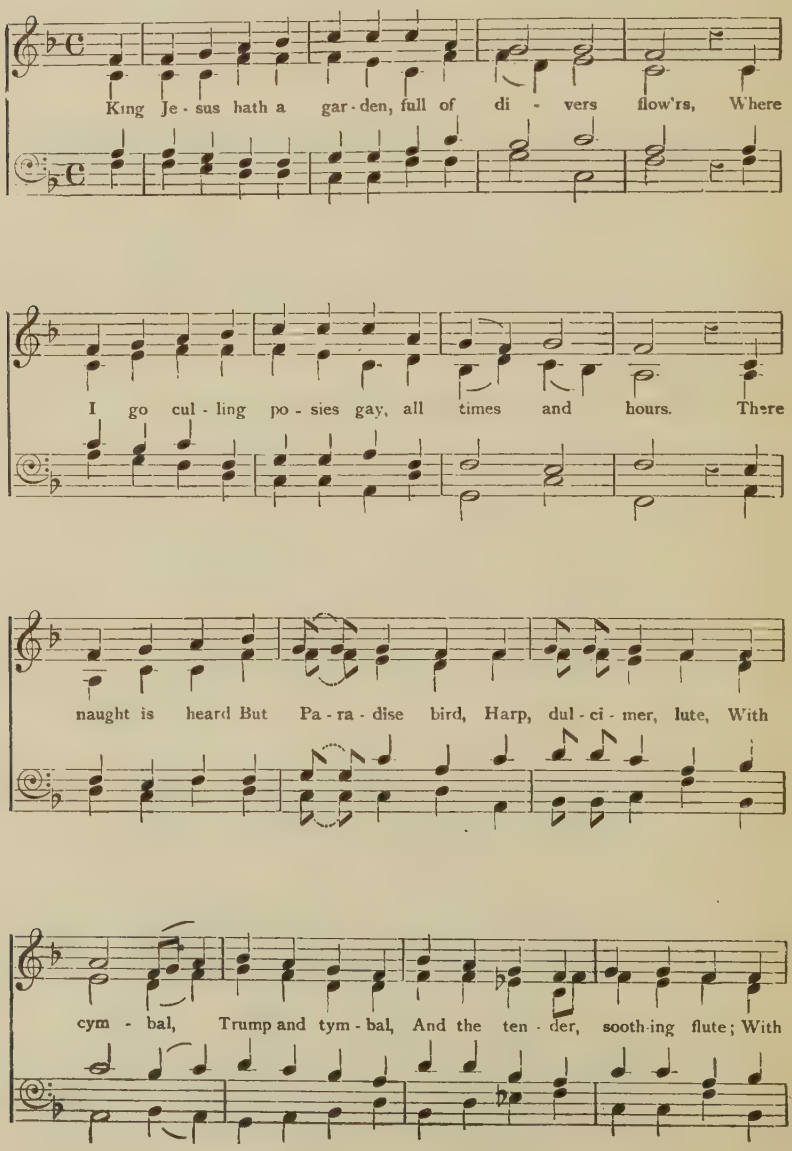
℟. Aye, and therefore, etc.

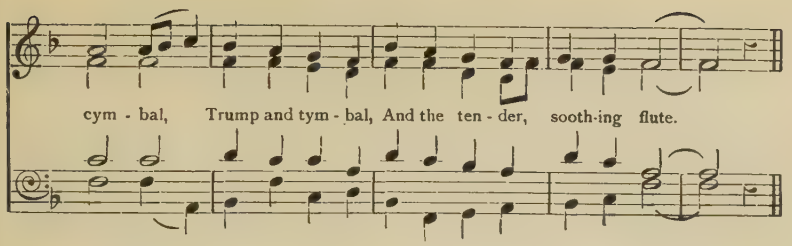
℣. 7 Then presently after the Shepherds did spy
A number of Angels that stood in the sky;
They joyfully talkèd and sweetly did sing,
'To God be all glory our Heavenly King.'

℣. Aye, and therefore, etc.

67 King Jesus hath a garden

¶ Words of *Heer Jesus heeft een Hofken*, a Dutch Carol from the *Geestlijcke Harmonie* (Emmerich, 1633, and Bruges, 1609), translated by G. R. W. Proper Melody harmonized by C. W.





2 The Lily, white in blossom there, is Chastity:
The Viölet, with sweet perfume, Humility.

There naught is heard, etc.

3 The bonny Damask-rose is known as Patience:
The blithe and thrifty Marygold, Obedience.

There naught is heard, etc.

4 The Crown Imperial bloometh too in yonder place:
'Tis Charity, of stock divine, the flower of grace.

There naught is heard, etc.

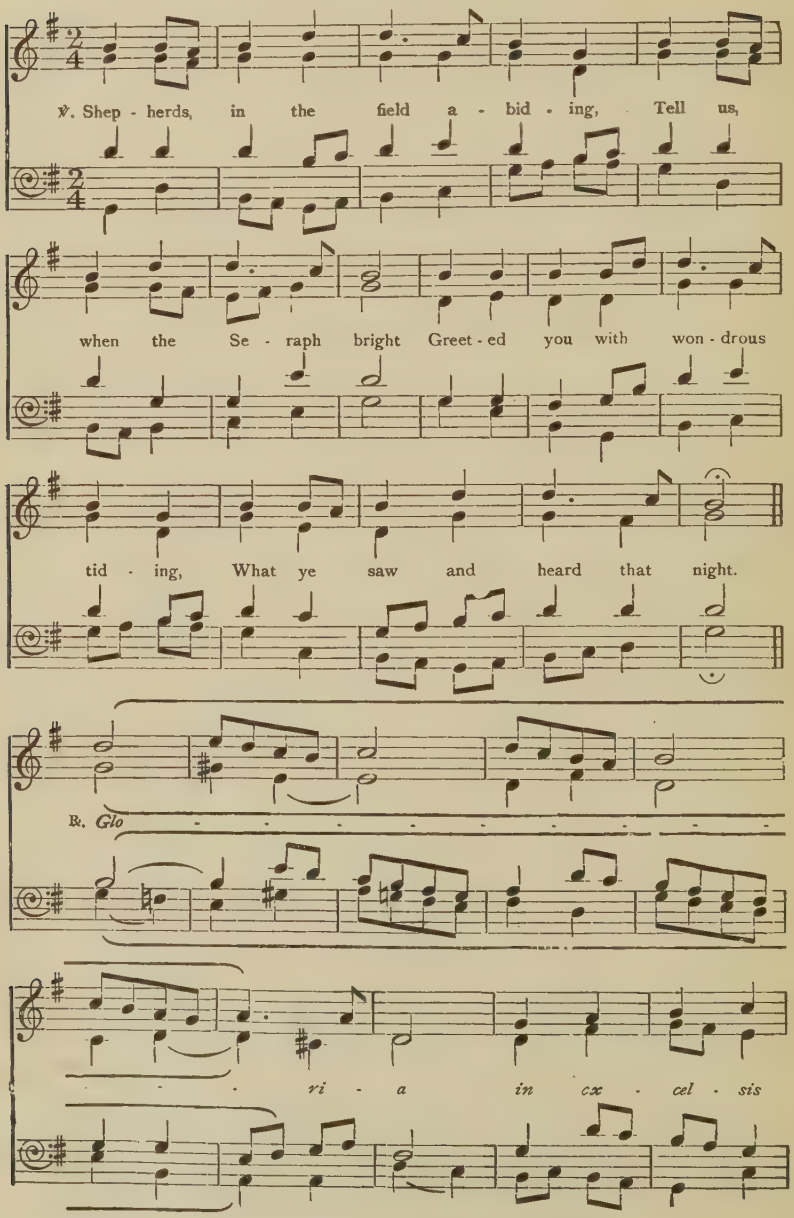
5 Yet, 'mid the brave, the bravest prize of all may claim
The Star of Bethlem—Jesus—blessèd be His Name!

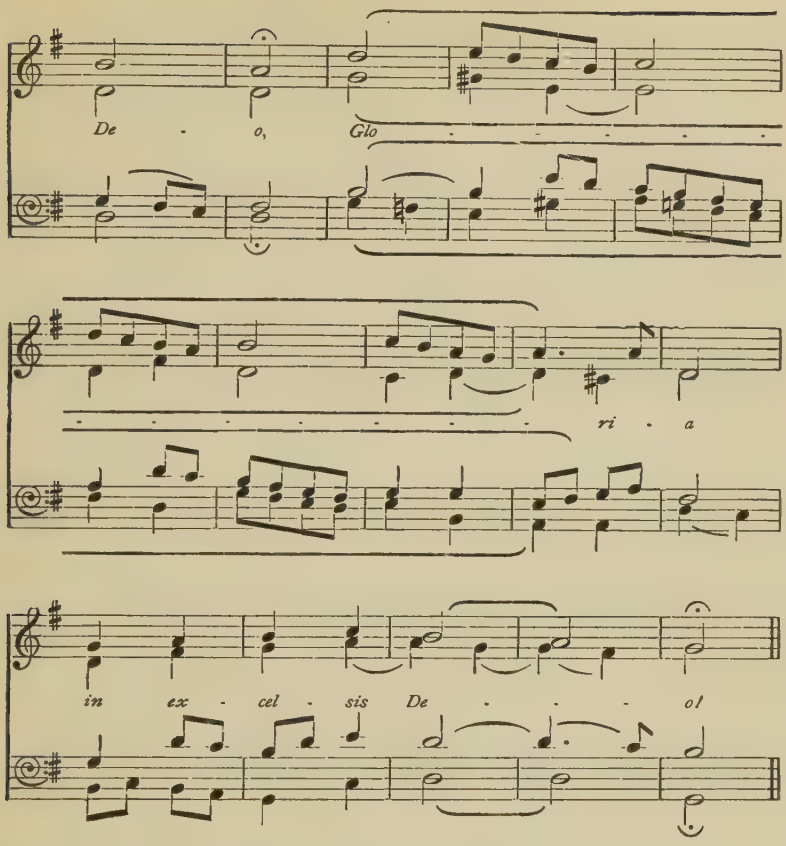
There naught is heard, etc.

6 Ah! Jesu Lord, my heal and weal, my bliss complete,
Make Thou my heart Thy garden-plot, fair, trim and neat,
That I may hear This musick clear:
Harp, dulcimer, lute,
With cymbal, Trump and tymbal,
And the tender, soothing flute.

68 Shepherds, in the field abiding

¶ Words (after the Antiphon *Quem vidistis, pastores*) by G. R. W.
A French or Flemish Melody, harmonized by C. W.





℣. 2 We beheld (it is no fable)
God incarnate, King of bliss,
Swathed and cradled in a stable,
And the Angel-strain was this:
℟. *Gloria*, etc.

℣. 3 Quiristers on high were singing
Jesus and His Virgin-birth;
Heav'nly bells the while a-ringing
'Peace, goodwill to men on earth.'
℟. *Gloria*, etc.

℣. 4 Thanks, good herdmen; true your story;
Have with you to Bethlehem:
Angels hymn the King of Glory;
Carol we with you and them.
℟. *Gloria*, etc.

69 To Bethlem Shepherd-brethren ran

¶ Words of a Greek Stichéron (Ἐν Βηθλεὲμ συνέδραμον) for December 29, translated by G. R. W. Tune of the Courante *Jewel*, set by Dr. John Bull (*c.* 1562–1628).

For Soprano, or Tenor, Solo.

To Beth - lem Shep - herd - breth - ren ran, Swift o'er coombs or knolls, . . . To dis - close Him, God and Man, True Shep - herd of their souls. . . .

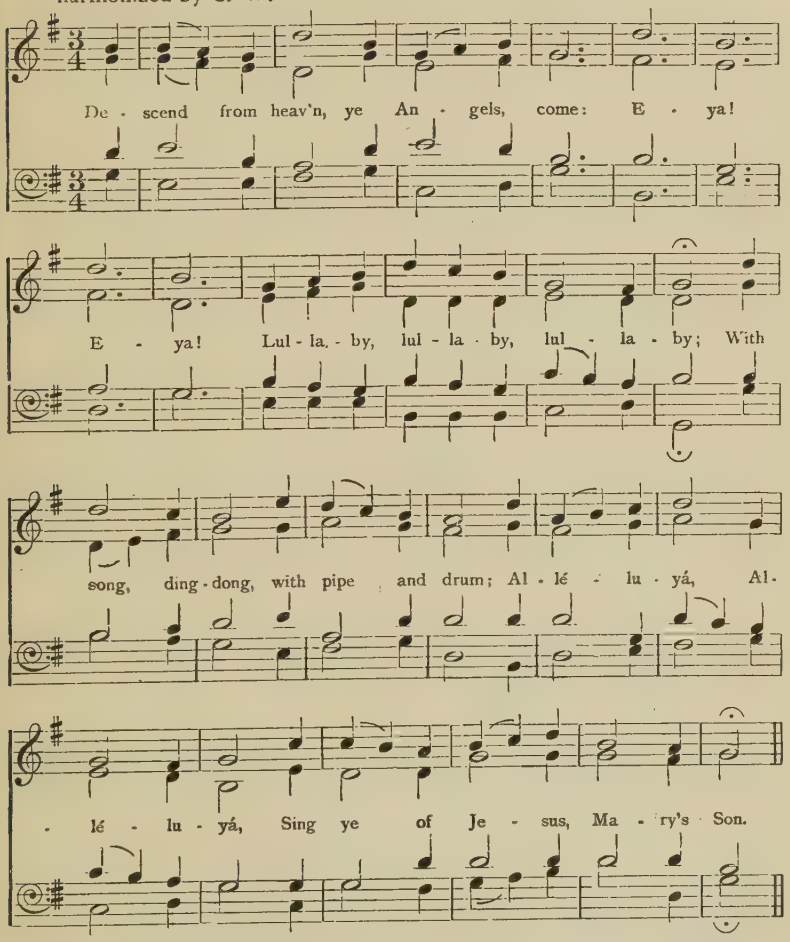
1 To Bethlem Shepherd-brethren ran,
Swift o'er coombs and knolls,
To disclose Him, God and Man,
True Shepherd of their souls.

2 That God, who rideth on His car,—
Cherubim on high,—
Ox and ass His courtiers are.
On earth where He doth lie.

3 To Him, in mortal likeness born
Of the blissful Maid,
All for us, that were forlorn,
By us be homage paid!

70 Descend from heav'n, ye Angels, come

¶ Words from the *Mainz Gesangbuch* (1628), translated by G. R. W. The Melody (said to come from Katharina Tirs' *Hymnarius*, 1588) harmonized by C. W.



2 Nor leave behind, ye tuneful quires.—
Eya! Eya! Lullaby, lullaby, lulla-by,—
Your merry harpsichords and lyres;
Alléluyá, Alléluyá,
And sing of Jesus, Mary's Son.

3 And let your voices rise and fall,—
Eya! Eya! Lullaby, lullaby, lulla-by,—
With organ, lute and virginal;
Alléluyá, Alléluyá.
In praise of Jesus, Mary's Son.

4 Sing, "Peace, goodwill from shore to shore":
Eya! Eya! Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby:
"Glory on high for evermore";
Alléluyá, Alléluyá,
In praise of Jesus, Mary's Son.

71 Psallite unigenito

¶ English words written by G. R. W. Tune and Setting by, or from, Michael Praetorius (*Musae Sioniae*), 1609.

Psal - li - te

Psal - li - te . . . . . Psal - li - te u - ni - ge - ni - to

Psal - li - te . . . . . .

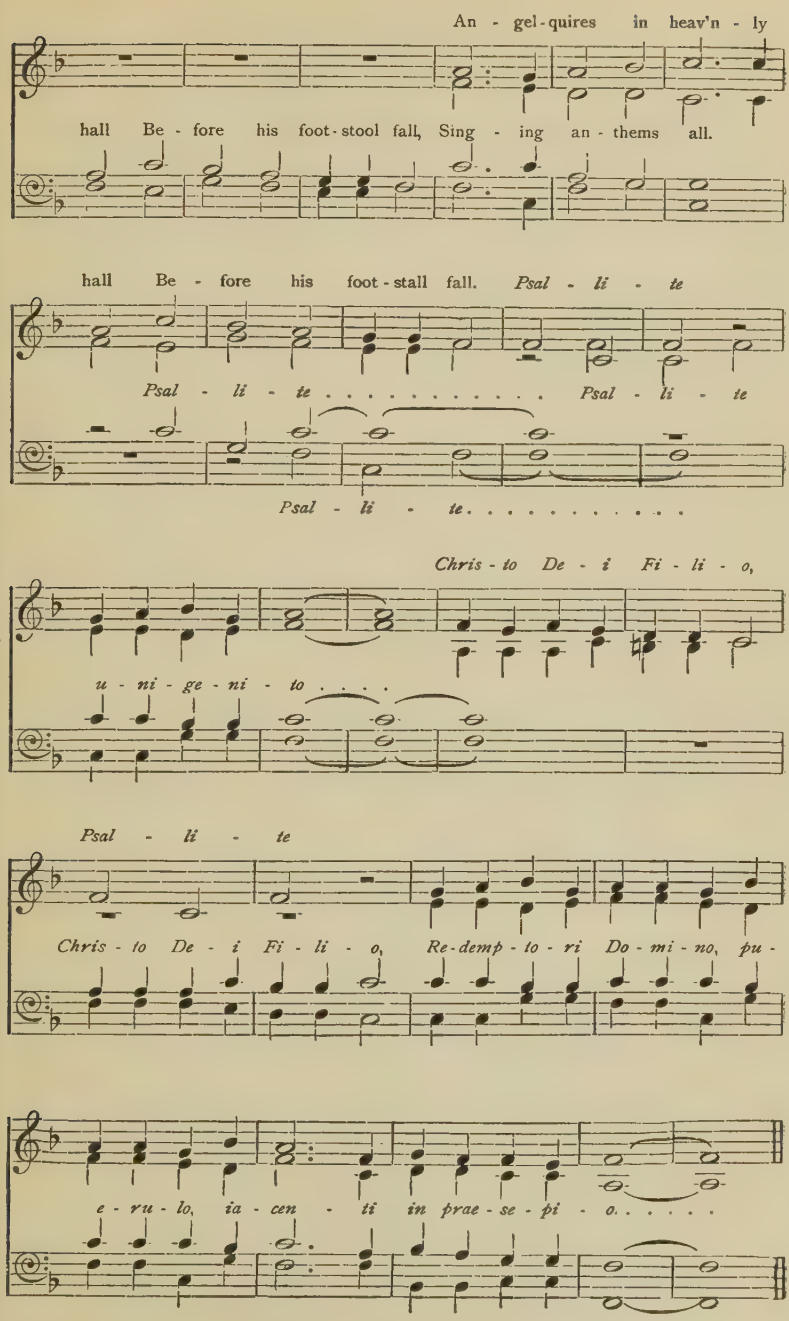
Psal - li - te

Chris - to De - i Fi - li - o, Chris - to De - i Fi - li - o,

Re - demp - to - ri Do - mi - no, pu - e - ru - lo, ia - cen - ti

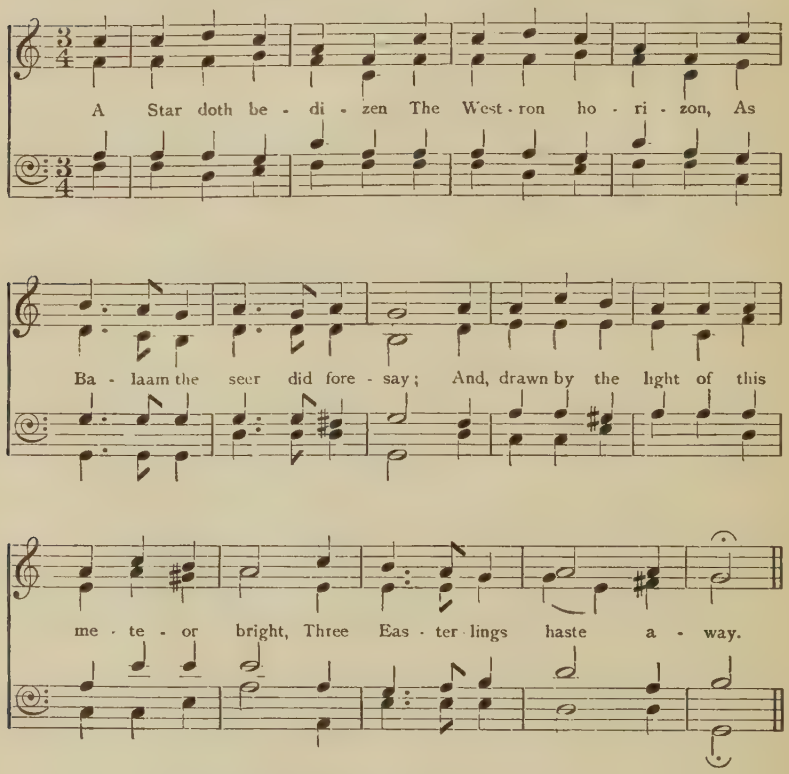
in prae - se - pi - o. What if an In - fant small be

tra - dled in the stall, An - gel - quires in heav'n - ly


An - gel - quires in heav'n - ly
hall Be - fore his foot - stool fall, Sing - ing an - thems all.
hall Be - fore his foot - stall fall. Psal - li - te
Psal - li - te . . . . . Psal - li - te
Psal - li - te . . . . . .
Chris - to De - i Fi - li - o,
u - ni - ge - ni - to . . . .
Psal - li - te
Chris - to De - i Fi - li - o, Re - demp - to - ri Do - mi - no, pu -
e - ru - lo, ia - cen - ti in prae - se - pi - o. . . . . .

72 A Star doth bedizen

¶ Words by G. R. W. Melody of *Come o'er the bourne, Bessie* (from a MS. in the Cambridge University Library), harmonized by C. W.

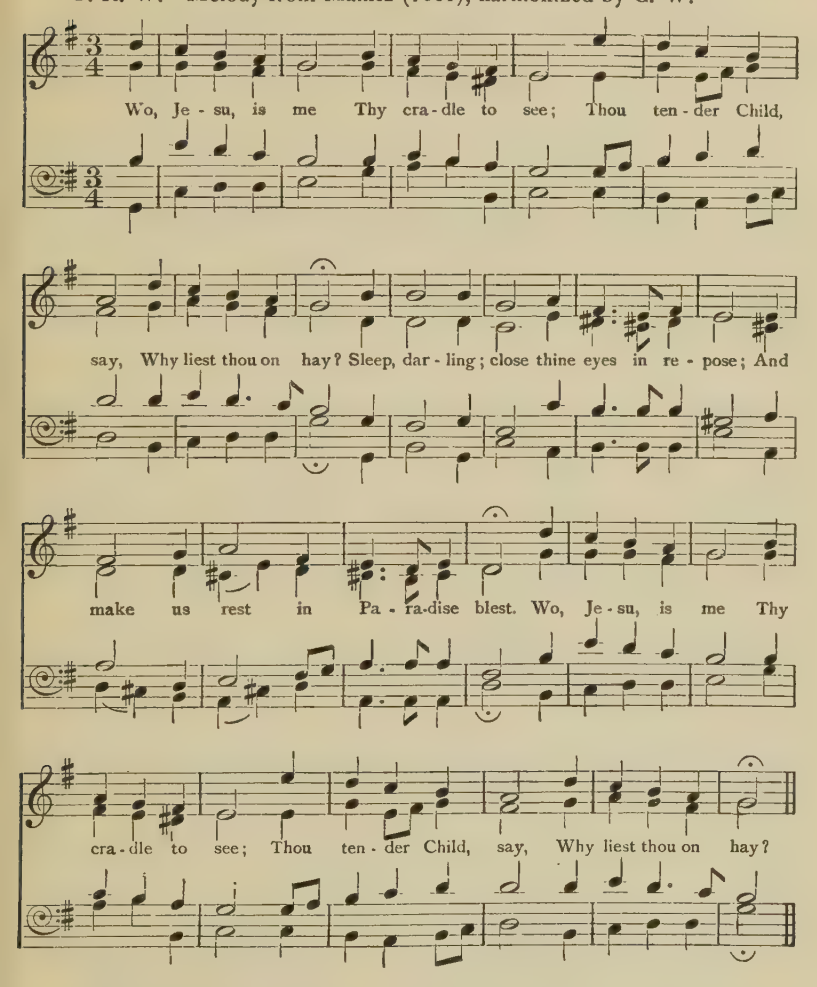


2 Through fair or foul weather
They journey together
O'er mountain and valley, nor stay
Until they had sped and arrived at the shed,
Wherein the babe Jesu lay.

3 They fall and adore Him
In worship afore Him
That heavenly Child, that was born
For us, as for them, e'en at Little Bethlém,
Of Mary on Christmas-morn.

73 Wo, Jesu, is me

¶ Words from D. G. Corner's *Gesangbuch* (1631), translated by G. R. W. Melody from Maintz (1661), harmonized by C. W.



2 Sleep on, prithee, rest;
Naught shall Thee molest;
For ox, ass and sheep
Be all fast asleep.
Sleep, darling, etc.

3 Hark! Seraphim high
And Cherubim cry:
Thy cradle a flock
Of Angels doth rock.
Sleep, darling, etc.

4 See! See! darling dear,
Saint Joseph is here;
And I too am near:
Sleep on without fear.
Sleep, darling, etc.

5 Sir ox, quiet keep;
The Infant will sleep:
Ass, prithee, lie still;
To sleep is His will.
Sleep, darling, etc.

74 Of these four Letters sing will I

¶ Words by G. R. W. Melody of *Johnny Faa*, or *Gipsey Laddie*, harmonized by C. W.

Mixolydian Mode.

Of these four let - ters sing will I *In dul - ci me - lo - di - a,* Of M and A and R and Y, *De Vir - gi - ne Ma - ri - a.* For, Mo - ther of th' In car - nate Word, *Vir - gi - ni - ta - tis vi - a,* Of wo - men none may be pre - ferr'd *Be - a - ta prae Ma - ri - a.*

2 Misdoubting not the Father's plan,
Testante Hieremia,
'Tis she that compass'd hath a Man,[1]
Conceptum ope dia:
And, as the Holy Spirit will'd,
Locutus de Messia,
In her is Esay's word fulfill'd,[2]
Vetusque prophetia.[3]

3 An Angel, and of high degree
Celesti in hierarchia,
Came down to greet this Maiden free,
Dicens, 'Ave Maria!
Fear not; bedew'd with heav'nly shower,
O virga, virgo pia,
Thy bloom shall be th'immortal Flower:
Ne timeas, Maria.'

4 Ride westward kings from Saba, three,
Ferentes dona tria,
And 'fore the Babe on Mary's knee
Genuflectuntur, quia
'Twas God, if of his glory shorn,
Cum genitrice pia,
When God was born on Christmas-morn
Ex Virgine Maria.

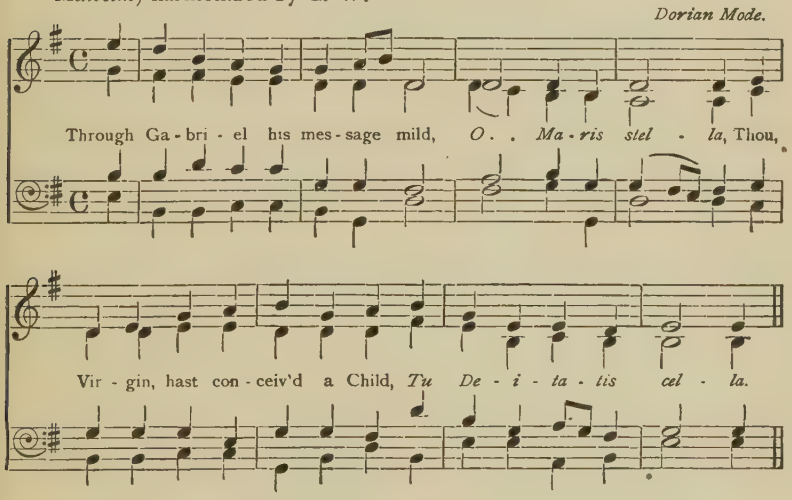
5 Yea therefore, Mary, pray thy Son,
Qui Patris est Sophia,
To teach and lead us every one
Ad coelica bravia;
Where Quire doth sing and belfry ring,
Cum suavi symphonia,
To laud thy Child, O Maiden mild,
Mater Dei, Maria.

[1] Jer. xxxi. 22. [2] Isa. vii. 14. [3] Gen. iii. 15.

75 Through Gabriel his message mild

¶ Words by G. R. W. Melody (known as *Crailtoune*, or *Sir John Malcolm*) harmonized by C. W.

Dorian Mode.



2 Fair Maiden, in thy lowly bower,
Flos sine spina,
Thou bar'st the Everlasting Flower
Ex gracia divina.

3 All we through Eva were for-done
Per peccatricem,
But Eden's garden is re-won
Per Dei genitricem.

4 Of daughters, Maid, thou art the best,
Virgo beata,
Of every age and people blest,
Deïpara vocata.

5 That Son is very God indeed
Quem tu portasti;
Nor will he scorn his mother's bede
Quem puerum lactasti.

6 Thy gentle Bairn, how sweet he is
Quis enarravit?
And who can tell the heavenly bliss
Quod suis praeparavit?

7 And therefore, Lady, thee we greet
Cum melodia,
And with Saint Gabriel repeat,
Ave, Virgo Maria!

76 To-day Maiden Mary, foretold by the Seer

¶ Words of a Kontakion (Ἡ παρθένος σήμερον) from the Greek *Horologion* (December 25), translated into English verse by G. R. W., for an Irish Mixolydian Melody; harmonized by C. W.

To - day Maid - en Ma - ry, fore - told by the Seer, Hath

child - ed an In - fant, the which hath no peer: Earth

lend - eth the ca - vern to Him who on high A -

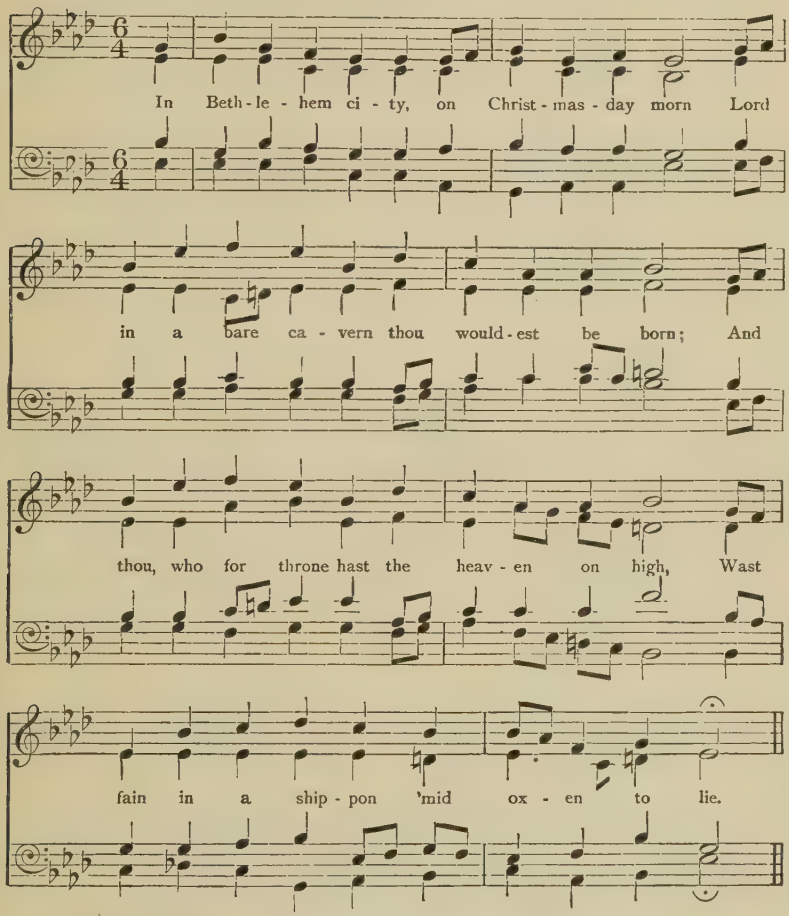
bid - eth in light where to none may draw nigh.

2 While Angels with herdmen are chanting his birth,
"To God be the Glory, and Peace upon earth",
Lo! at the same season, from country afar,
Three Easterlings follow the beams of a Star.

3 For why, for us mortals on Christen-mas morn,
At Bethlehem-Juda, this Baby was born,
The Son of the Father, the All-holy One,
God, blessèd for ever, or time was begun.

77 In Bethlehem City, on Christmas-day Morn

¶ Words based on Σήμερον ὁ Χριστὸς, and Μάγοι Περσῶν Βασιλεῖς, from the Greek *Menaeon* (December 25, 26), by G. R. W. An Old English or Irish Melody, harmonized by C. W.



2 And thou, whom Angelical troops ay surround,
By certain poor herdmen didst deign to be found.
And this, of thy goodness, to rescue our race:
So sing we, "All glory, and thanks for thy grace."

3 And at the same season, behold from afar
There fared unto Bethlehem, led by a star,
Three princes of Saba, who knew by that sign
That born upon earth was a Monarch divine.

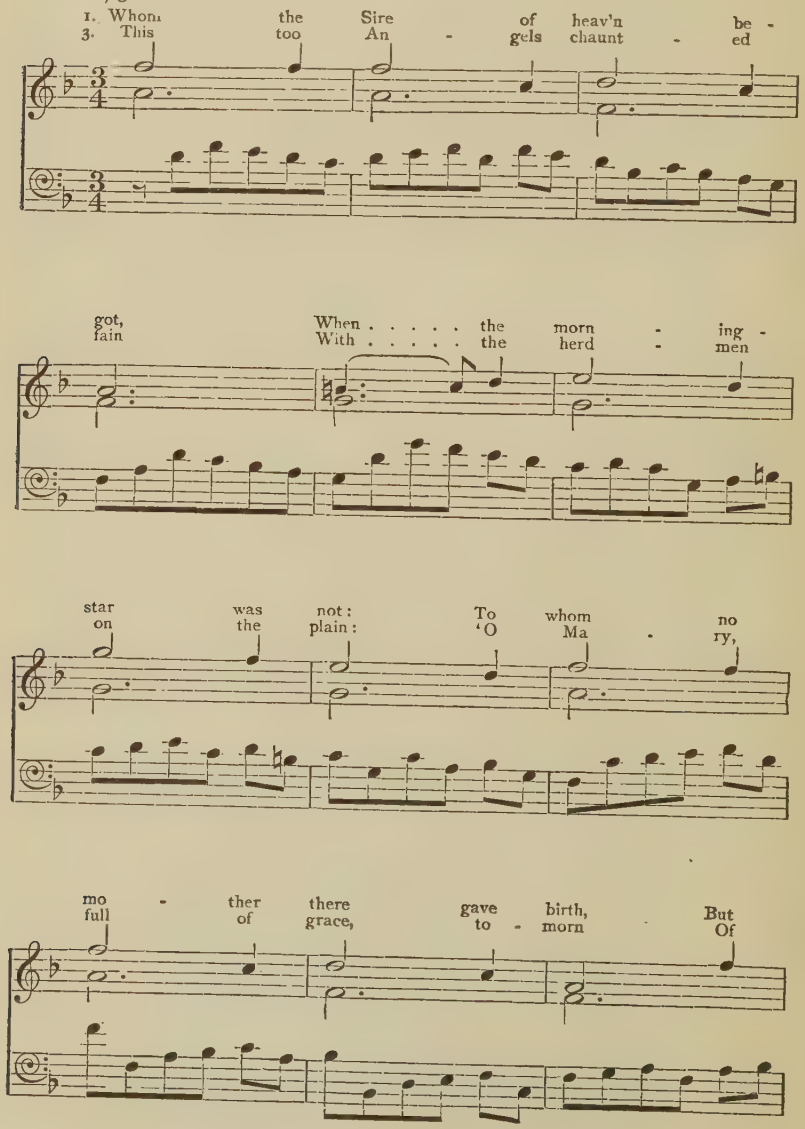
4 Choice treasure they bare thee, myrrh, incense and gold:
And though thou wert cradled 'mid beasts of the fold,
They knelt, for they saw, when they rend'red thee praise,
The Son of the Father, the Ancient of Days.

78 Whom the Sire of Heav'n begot

¶ Words of a Greek *Kontakion* for December 26 (Ὁ πρὸ ἑωσφόρου), translated by G. R. W. Tune of *Shall I go walke the woods so wild*, first setting by W. Byrde, the second by Dr. John Bull.

By Soprano, or Tenor, Voices.

Verses 1, 3.


1. Whom the Sire of heav'n be-
3. This too An - gels chaunt - ed
got, When . . . . . the morn - ing -
fain With . . . . . the herd - men
star was not: To whom no
on the plain: 'O Ma - ry,
mo - ther there gave birth, But
full of grace, to - morn Of

had no fa - - - - - ther here on
thee, pure Vir - - - - - gin, God is

Verse 2.

earth,
born. 2. He as man to - day is seen

Of . . . thy sub - stance, Maid - en clean: And

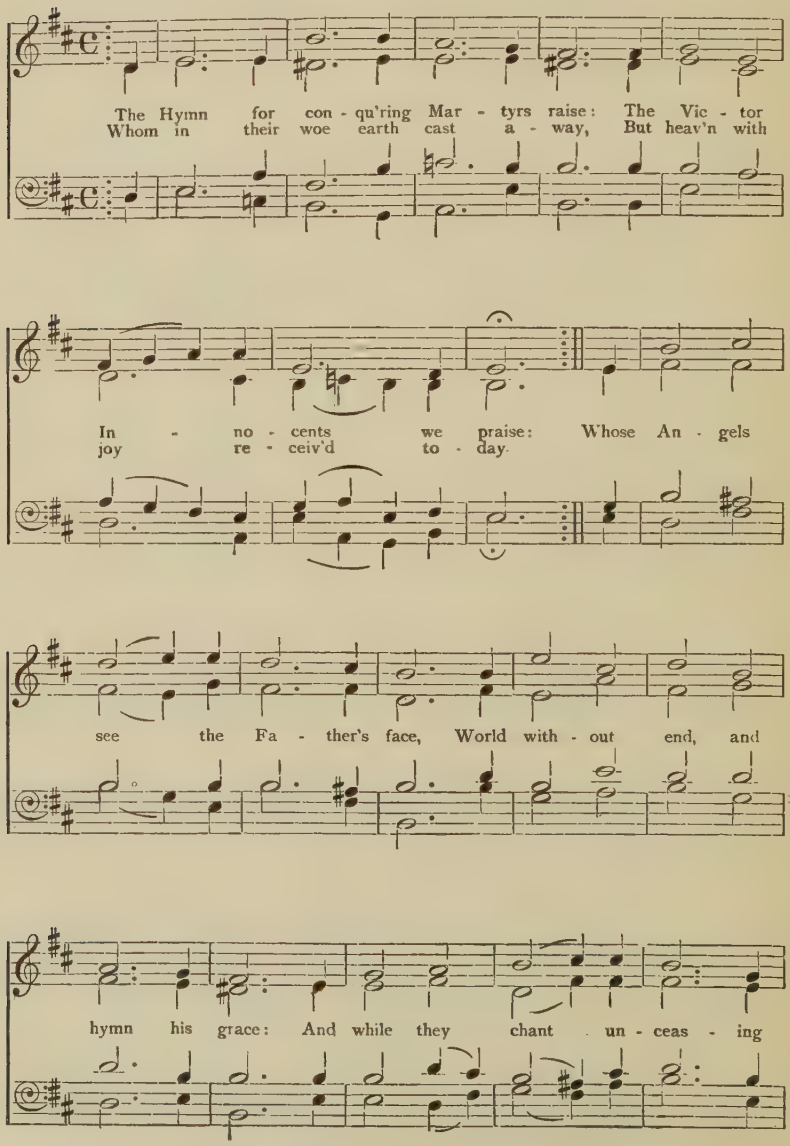
this glad ti - ding from a - far Is

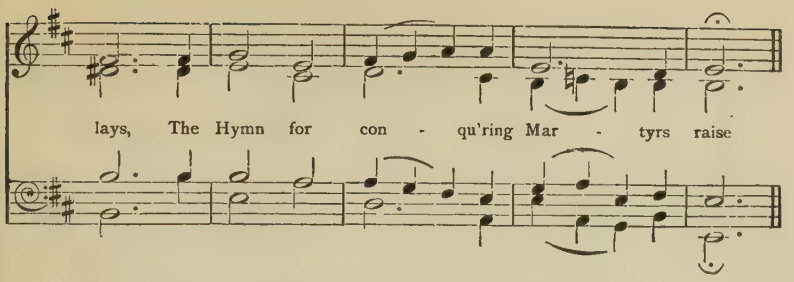
told the Wise - men by . . . a Star.

79 The Hymn for Conquering Martyrs raise

Hymnum canentes martyrum

¶ Words by the Ven. Bede (673–735), translated by J. M. Neale (1818–1866). Tune of *Mundanis vanitatibus* (*Piae Cantiones*, 1582), harmonized by G. R. W.





2 By that accursèd Monarch slain,
Their loving Maker bade them reign:
With him they dwell, no more distrest,
In the fair Land of light and rest:
He gives them mansions, one and all,
In that his heavenly Father's hall:
Thus have they changed their loss for gain,
By that accursèd Monarch slain.

3 A voice from Ramah was there sent,
A voice of weeping and lament:
When Rachel mourn'd the children's care,
Whom for the tyrant's sword she bare.
Triumphal is their glory now,
Whom earthly torments could not bow:
What time, both far and near that went,
A voice from Ramah was there sent.

4 Fear not, O little flock and blest,
The lion that your life oppress'd!
To heavenly pastures ever new
The heavenly Shepherd leadeth you:
Who, dwelling now on Sion's hill,
The Lamb's dear footsteps follow still:
By tyrant there no more distrest,
Fear not, O little flock and blest!

5 And every tear is wiped away
By your dear Father's hands for aye;
Death hath no power to hurt you more,
Whose own is Life's eternal store.
Who sow their seed, and, sowing weep,
In everlasting joy shall reap:
What time they shine in heavenly day,
And every tear is wiped away.

6 O City blest o'er all the earth,
Who gloriest in the Saviour's birth!
Whose are his earliest Martyrs dear
By kindred and by triumph here.
None from henceforth may call thee small,
Of rival towns thou passest all;
In whom our Monarch had his birth,
O City blest o'er all the earth!

80 Welcome, Christmas, welcome here

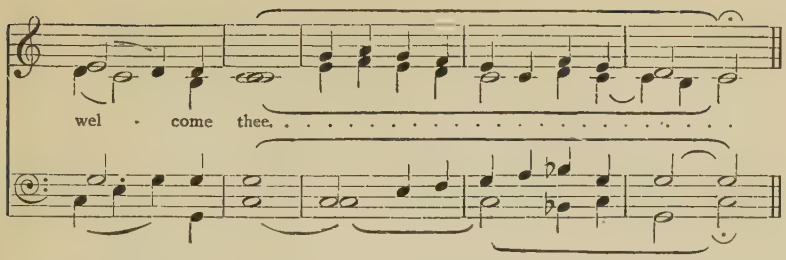
¶ Words by Miss Mary Ann Stodart (*c.* 1840). Melody of *Disciplinae filius*, from *Piae Cantiones* (1582), harmonized by C. W.

1. Wel - come, Christ - mas, wel - come here, Happiest season
Fires are bla - zing, thee to greet: Fa - mi - lies to -

of the year. Brothers, sisters, cir - - - cle round,
ge - ther meet.

. . . . . Loud is gladness' fes - tive sound.

For Old England loves to see All her children

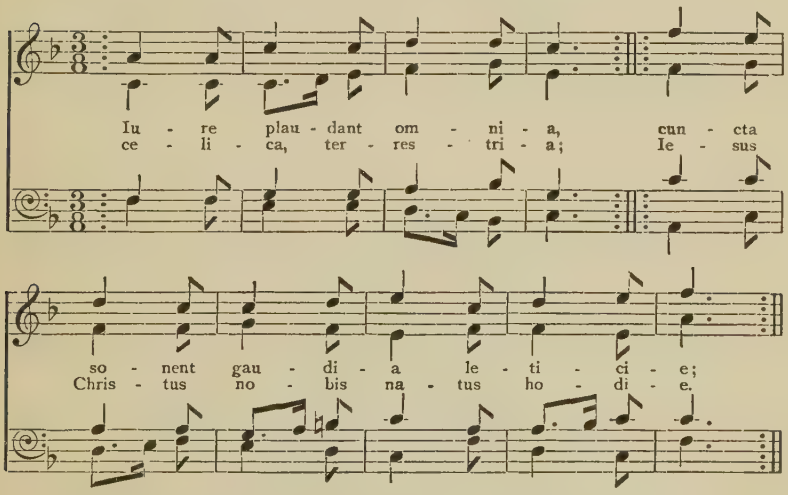


2 Welcome, Christmas, for thy voice
Calls upon us to rejoice,
Not with foolish idle mirth,
Born and perishing on earth:
Far be such ungrateful thought;
Ours are blessings dearly bought,
Dearly bought, but freely given
By the Lord of earth and heaven.

3 Fix we then on Christ our eye;
May we feel the Saviour nigh:
May we meet around the board,
All rejoicing in the Lord;
Be the Babe of Beth'lem near,
May his love the season cheer,
And each glad'nèd heart and tongue
Join the Angels' Christmas Song.

81 Iure plaudant omnia

¶ Words and Melody said to be of the fourteenth century; from the *Paderborn Gesangbuch* (1609). The setting by C. W.



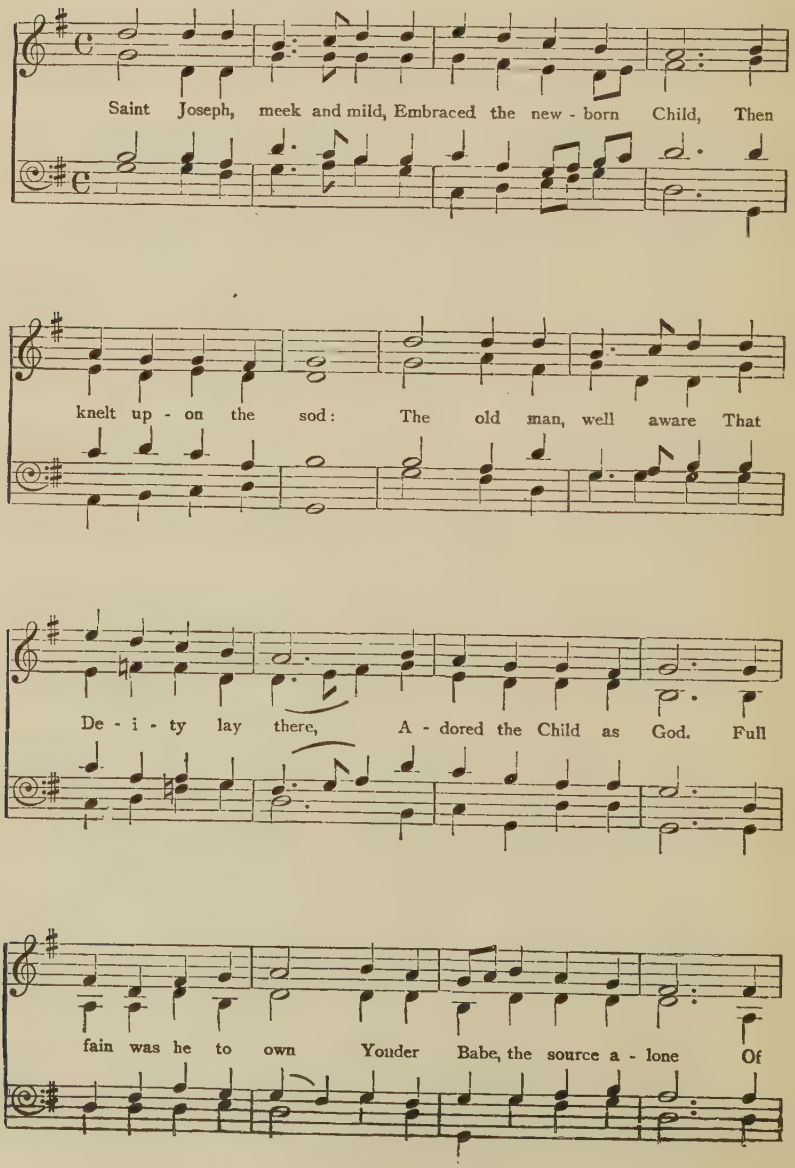
2 Summi patris filius,
ope sancti spiritus,
ex Maria virgine
castissima
Iesus Christus nobis natus hodie.

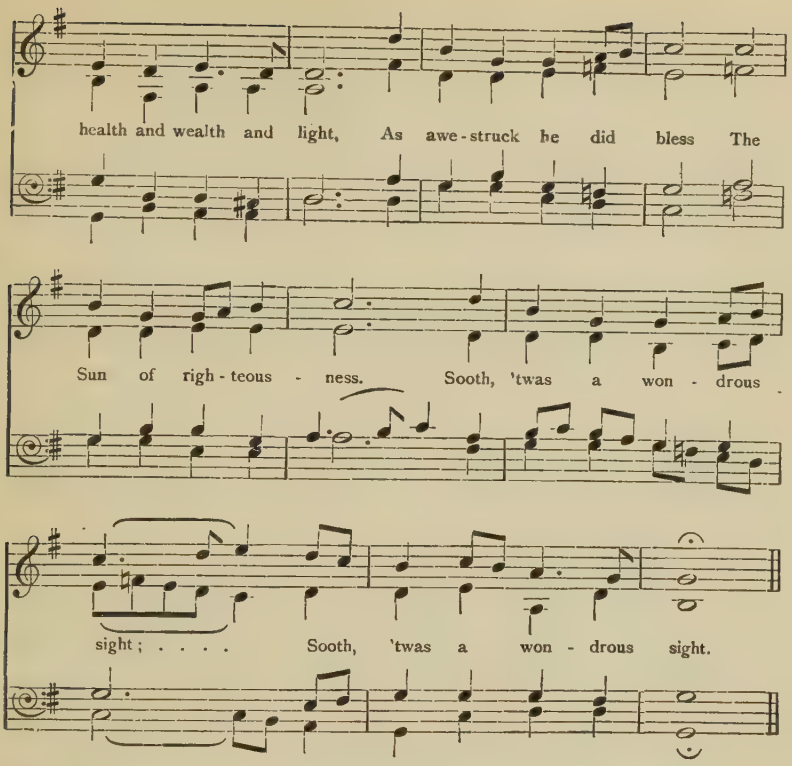
3 Angelus pastoribus
nocte vigilantibus
salvatorem nunciat
in Bethlehem
Iesum Christum, nobis natum hodie.

4 Tres reges adveniunt,
aurum, thus, myrrham ferunt
regi deo hominique
supplices
Iesu Christo, nobis nato hodie.

82 Saint Joseph, meek and mild

¶ Words by St. Ephrem Syrus (*c.* A. D. 307–373), versified by G. R. W. Tune of *Gathering Peascods*, an old English Melody (1650), harmonized by E. W. Goldsmith.



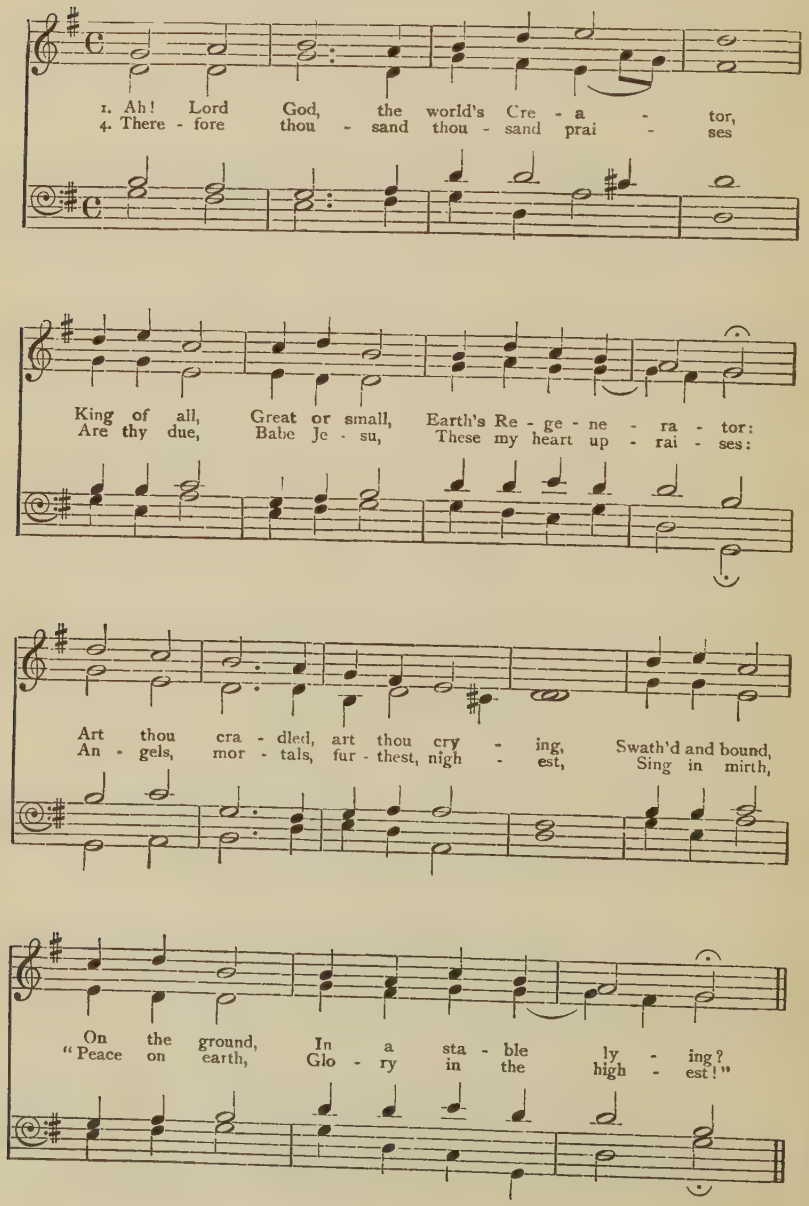


2 Who gave me charge and care
Of God's own Son and Heir?
The Lord, I well dare say.
The Mother-maid—as blind
'Twas once within my mind
To put her clean away:
Nor knew, that she, most blest,
Ever-Virgin, in her breast
Such priceless Jewell bare—
A heav'nly Pearl, the which
Poor Joseph shall enrich
O'er all men everywhere.

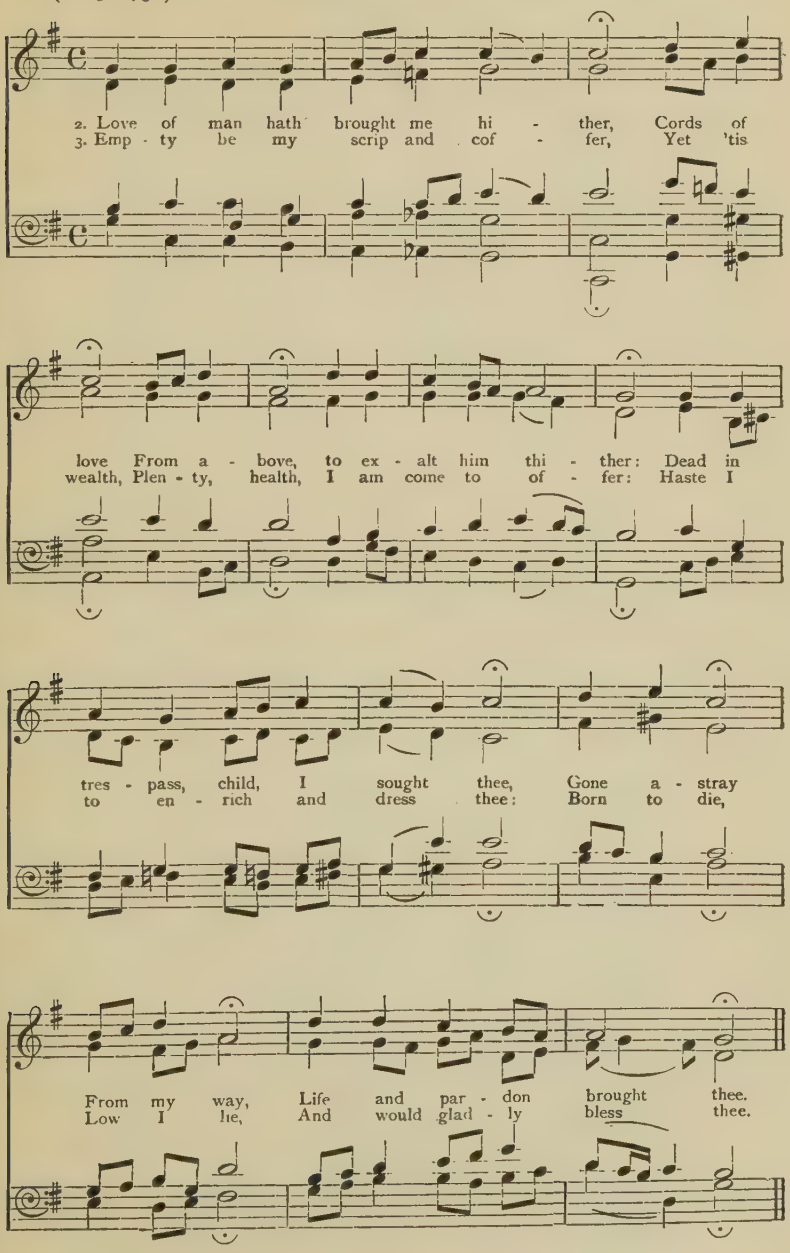
3 Mine ancestor of yore
Was David; he that wore
The royal crown by right:
Howbeit, I from great
Fell into low estate,—
Am but a timber-wright:
Yet, Son of David, thou
Wilt ere long upon my brow
Set kingly diadem:
Meanwhile, mine arms enfold
The King of kings, of old—
The Babe of Bethlehem.

83 Ah! Lord God, the World's Creator

¶ Words of *Heu quid jaces stabulo*, by J. Mauburn (15th cent.), translated by G. R. W. Melody and Setting by J. G. Ebeling (1666).



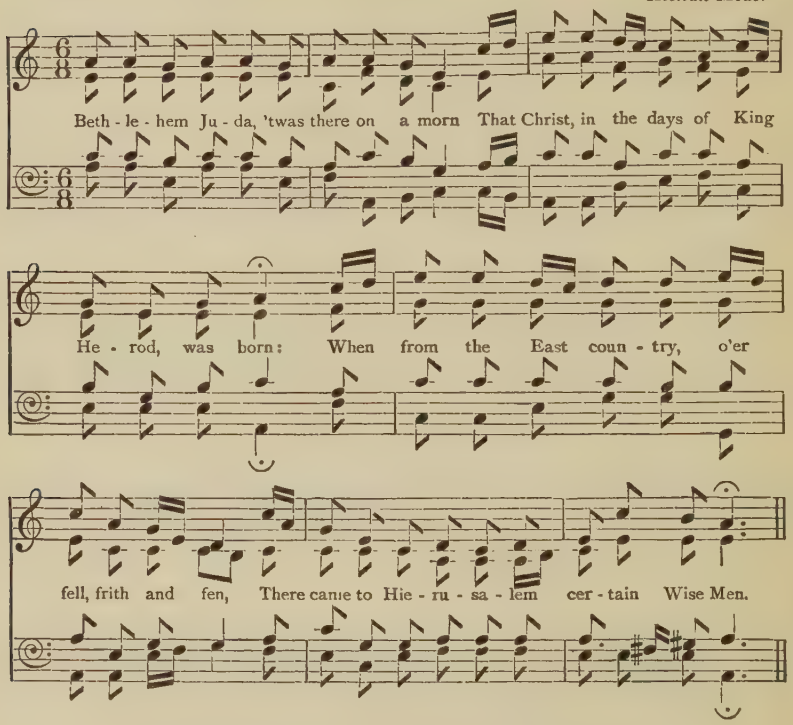
¶ Verses 2 and 3 may be sung to another Melody of *Warum sollt' ich mich denn grämen*, by D. Vetter, 1713, harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750).



84 Bethlehem-Juda, 'twas there on a Morn

¶ Words by G. R. W. Tune of *Glenogie*, a Scottish Air, harmonized by C. W.

Aeolian Mode.



2 Saying, "We pray you, sirs, tell us the place,
Wherein he is born, who is King of your race.
For from the East Country we, led by his Star,
Be come for to worship him, e'en from afar."

3 When of their journey King Herod heard tell,
Himself, and all Salem, was troubled as well:
Then, calling his book-men, with ink, pen and horn,
Enquired of his clergy where Christ should be born.

4 Answer they made him, "As we understand,
In Bethlehem, city of Jewërie land:
For thus it is written, and plainly foretold,
By Micah the prophet in ages of old.

5 "O Little Bethlem, thou art not behind
The princes of Juda, the chief of their kind;
For-why out of thee shall a Monarch proceed,
The which shall my people of Israël lead."

6 Then callèd Herod the pilgrims to hear,
In secret, the time when the Star did appear.
And sent them to Bethlehem, saying, "Go seek,
With purpose, the Infant of whom ye do speak.

7 "When ye have found him, report me the news,
That I too may worship this King of the Jews."
The Magi, on hearing King Herod so say,
Soon saddled and bridled, and gat them away.

8 Then to sou'-west-ward the wonderful Star,
The which they had eyed in the East from afar,
Went ever before them until that it stay'd
Right over that house where Babe Jesu was laid.

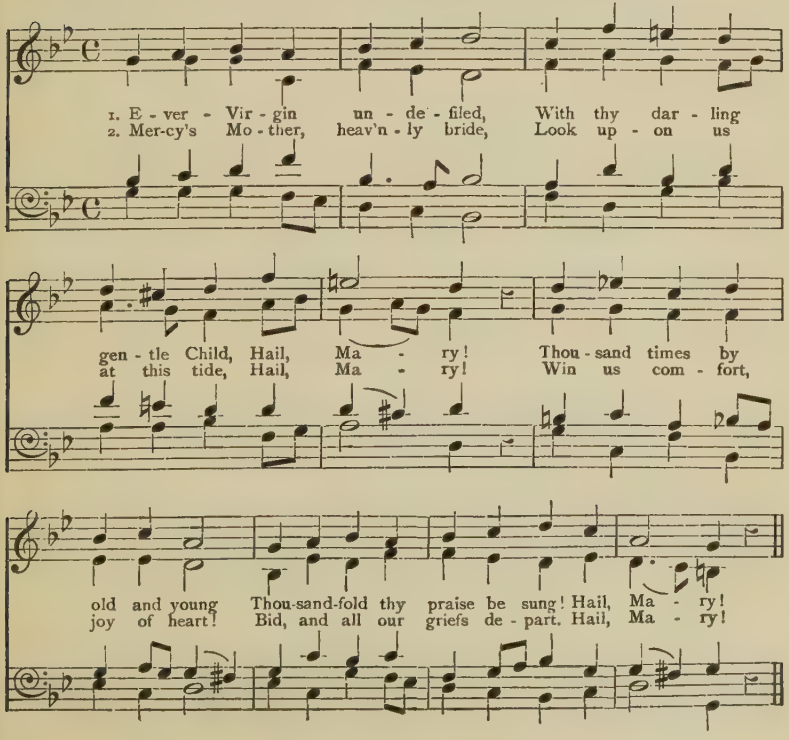
9 Seeing the Star again, heart, soul and voice,
With mighty great joy did the Wise Men rejoice:
Then ent'red they in, and beheld the young Child
Together with Mary his mother so mild.

10 Falling with reverence low on the knee,
They worship the Infant, of highest degree;
And open their coffers; a present of myrrh,
With gold, and frankincense (the gum of the fir).

11 Then, being warnèd of God, in a dream,
Concerning King Herod, his malice and scheme,
These Easterling Sages withouten delay
Depart to their country by other-some way.

85 Ever-Virgin undefiled

¶ Two Stanzas of *O Maria, Jungfrau rein*, versified by G. R. W.
Tune of *Jesu, zu dir rufen wir* (1712, or earlier), harmonized by C. W.



86 Whenas the Word Divine had found

¶ Words of two *Theotokia* (Ἄσπιλον τῶν ἀκανθῶν ἐν μέσῳ) for October 26, and the other (Τῶν Χερουβὶμ φανεῖσα) for Septuagesima Sunday, versified by G. R. W. Melody and Setting of *There is a Ladie sweet and kind*, by Thomas Forde (1607).

When-as the WORD di - vine had found One spotless flow'r 'mid thorny ground, One li - ly of the valley low, One Vir - gin blossom white as snow,

2 Then, Maiden-Mother of our God,
The self-same WORD, by path untrod,
The heav'nly Bridegroom, chose to bide
Within the cloister of thy side.

3 Sweet Lady, Godde's Mother clean,
Whose candle shineth passing sheen,
O'er that of Cherub, Seraph bright,
And all the armies in the height,

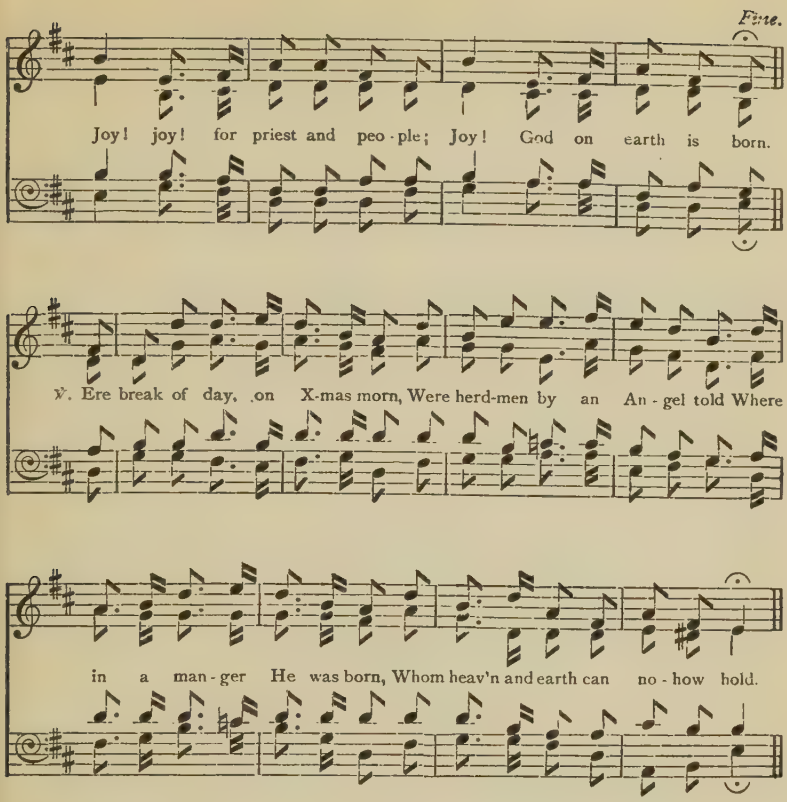
4 With these, entreat thou, blameless one,
Thy Child, the Eternal Father's Son,
For grace, that all we may secure
The blessing that shall aye endure.

87 Joy! Joy! from every Steeple

¶ Words by G. R. W. Melody of *Andro and his cutty gun*, harmonized by C. W.

Dorian Mode.

℟. Joy! joy! from ev - ery stee - ple; Joy! ring the bells to - morn;



℣. Then did the armies of the sky
Chaunt, "*In excelsis gloria*,
All glory be to God on high,
Qui natus est ex Mária." ℟.

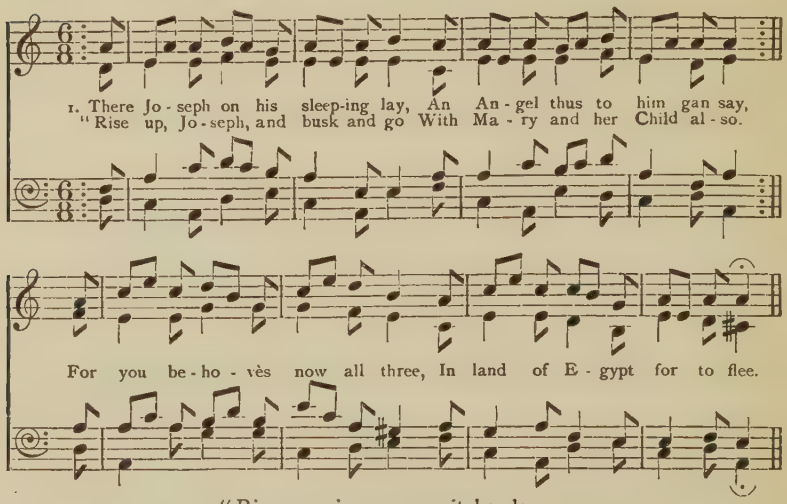
℣. And, "Peace, good-will to men on earth,"
Thereto these Seraph glee-men sung
Upon the midnight of his birth.
When heav'n itself with music rung. ℟.

℣. Then, on the Feast of Christmas-day,
When all are glad, or should be so,
My masters, with me sing and say,
Benédicamus Domino! ℟.

℣. In heart to Bethlem let us run,
To see the marvel come to pass,
And cry before the gentle Son
Of Mary. *Deo gracias!* ℟.

88 There Joseph on his Sleeping lay

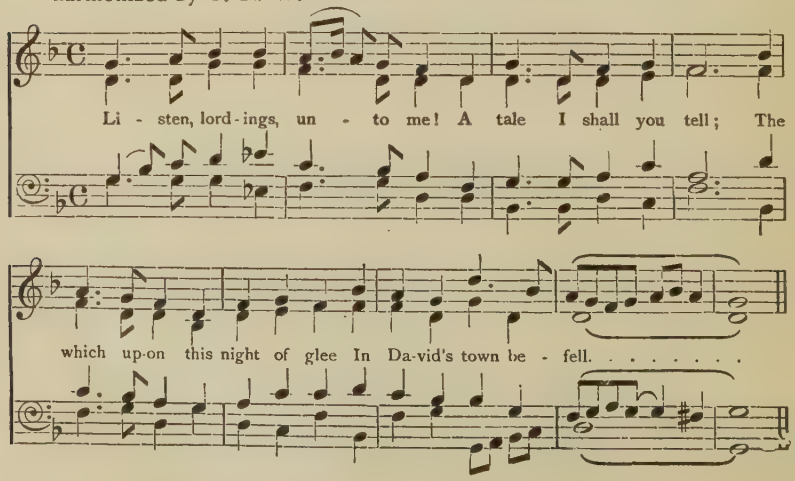
¶ Words from the *Cursor mundi* (14th cent.). Melody of *Gude Wallace*, harmonized by C. W.



2 "Rise up, rise up, ere it be day,
And follow forth the wildrin way;
Herod, that is the Childe's fa,
From now will seek him for to sla.
There shall ye dwell still with the Barn
Till that I eft come you to warn."

89 Listen, Lordings, unto me

¶ Words, a Cento of old material. Melody of *Westron wynde, when wyll thou blow* (Royal App. MS. 58, time of King Henry VIII), harmonized by G. R. W.



2 Joseph came from Nazareth
With Mary, that sweet Maid:
A-weary were they nigh to death,
And for a lodging pray'd.

3 In the inn they found no room;
A scanty bed was made:
Ere dawn the Fruit of Mary's womb
Was in the manger laid.

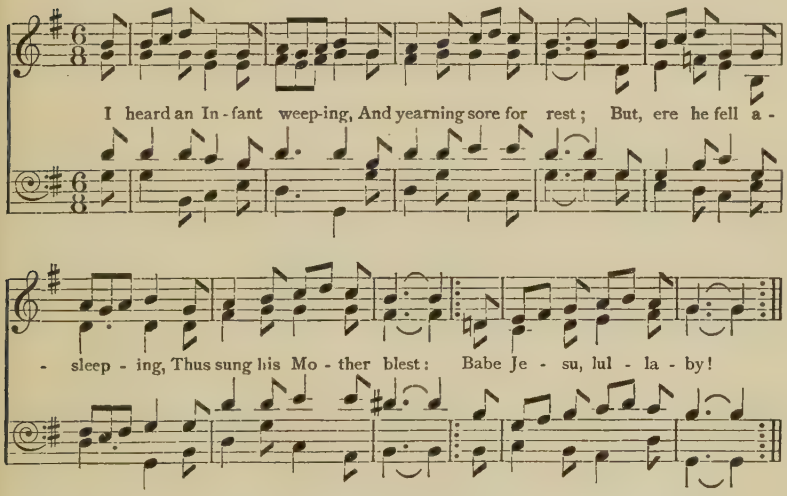
4 Forth He came as light through glass;
He came to save us all:
Within the stable ox and ass
Before their Maker fall.

5 Shepherds lay afield that night,
To keep the silly sheep;
An host of Angels in their flight
Came down from heav'n's high steep.

6 "Nowel! Nowel! Unto you
A little Child is born,
More purer than the drops of dew,
And brighter than the morn."

90 I heard an Infant weeping

¶ Words of *Dum virgo vagientem*, versified by G. R. W. Tune of *Ein Kindlein in der Wiegen* (Corner's *Nachtigall*, 1649), harmonized by C. W.



2 My Lamb, from God forth-faring,
My Life, my guiding Star,
Fair Lily, of my bearing,
Than jewel rarer far:
Babe Jesu, lullaby!

3 Jesu, more sweet than honey,
My fountain of delight,
Beyond the worth of money,
The Dayspring from the height.

4 O joyaunce of thy Mother,
Her heart's-ease, all in all,
Creator, Son and Brother,
Hear Mary's madrigall:

5 Whereto the ox is lending
The tenor to mine air,
And ass his voice is blending,
The burden for to bear.

6 But if thou would'st a sweeter
And more melodious chant,
To mend our faulty metre,
Bid Angels make descant.

91 One Yule-night, as abed I lay

¶ Words by G. R. W. Melody of *Der wechter der bliesz an den tag* (Nürnberg, A.D. 1542), harmonized by C. W.

Dorian Mode.

One Yule-night, as a - bed . . I lay, The watch with lan - tern

went his way. He, blow - ing loud his horn of buck,

Sung out, "Twelve on the clock is struck; Good peo - ple

all, God rest you mer - ry, one . . . . . and all!"

2 But, when another hour was flown,
And when again the horn was blown,
Me thought no tune of any bird
Had on land never yet been heard,
For, loud and clear,
The Watchman cried as ye shall hear:—

3 "News! Welcome news I think to tell:
Rejoice, awake and sing Nowell!

For why at Bethlehem this morn
Our Lord God, deigning to be born,
On earth doth dwell.
His name is this, Emmanuel.

4 "Ere daylight in the Eastern skies
I saw a wonder Star arise:
It pointeth to that house afar
Where Jesus and his Mother are.
Man, know thou this:
Yon Virgin's Babe is King of bliss."

92 Dawn of Jacob's Star inciteth

¶ Words of Ἀνέτειλε τὸ ἄστρον and Σπηλαίῳ ὑπογαίῳ (two Troparia for December 22), translated by G. R. W. Tune of a Galiardo, with Setting by Dr. John Bull (1563–1628).

For Tenor or Treble voice.

1. Dawn of Ja - - cob's star in - cit - eth
2. Of a Mai - - den in a by - er*

Eas - ter - lings to pay their due To Babe Je sú. As
Has - teth Christ to spring to birth. Let heav'n-ly mirth At -

Saint Ma - thew En - di - - teth. . . . . .
tune, O earth, Thy Qu - - yer! * . . . . .

* Elizabethan way of spelling *byre* and *quire*.

PASSION-TIDE

93 Coenam cum discipulis

¶ The text. "It may probably be of the twelfth century" (Neale). The Melody and Setting by Adam Gumpeltzhaimer (1619).

1. Coe - nam cum di - sci - pu - lis, Chri - ste, ce - le -
Et mor - tem a - po - sto - lis Pa - lam nun - ci -
2. Ec - ce ca - ro te - ne - ra Pi - i sal - va -
Ad co - lum - nam ne - qui - ter Co - ar - ta - tur

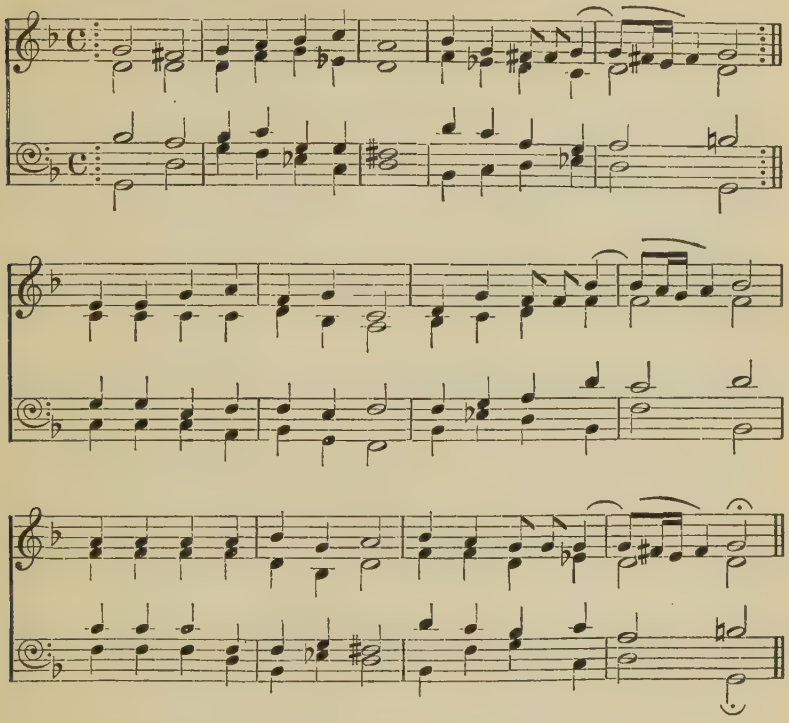
C.F.

bra - - sti
a - - sti, Et au - cto - rem sce - le - ris
to - - ris
lo - - ris. Sic fla - gel - lis cae - di - tur

Iu - dam de - mon - stra - - sti, Et e - gres - sus
Im - pi - i tor - to - - ris, Quod e - ma - nant

pro - te - nus Hor - tu - lum it - tra - - sti.
ri - vu - li un - di - que cru - o - - ris.

¶ Two verses of *Coenam cum discipulis*, translated by J. M. Neale. The Melody is here entrusted to the upper voice.



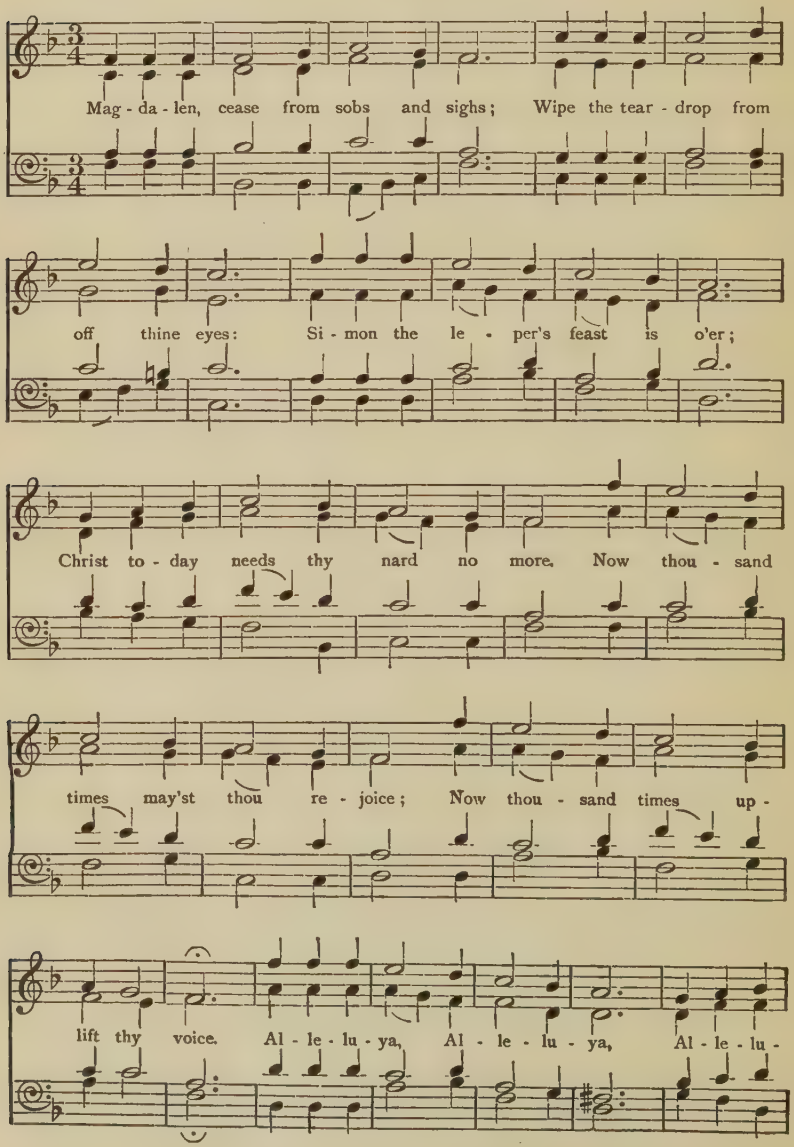
1 On the wood his arms are stretch'd
And his hands are riven:
Through the tender flesh of Christ
Mighty nails are driven;
In like wise his blessèd feet
Are to torture given,
As the hands that had so oft
In our battle striven.

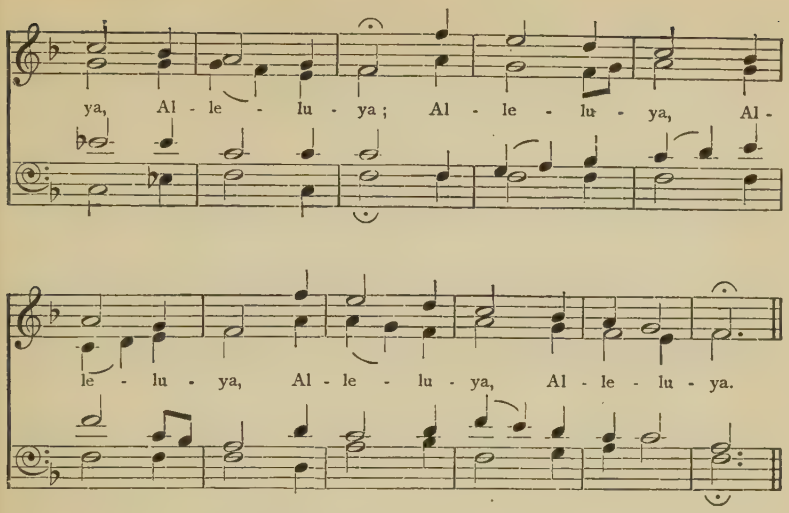
2 Streams of blood are trickling down
From those holy sources:
Hither! weak and sinful soul!
And renew thy forces:
This the medicine, that shall cure
Terrors and remorses;
This the writing, that for us
Freedom's deed endorses.

EASTER AND ASCENSION

94 Magdalen, cease from Sobs and Sighs

¶ Words of *Pone luctum, Magdalena,* translated by G. R. W. Melody of *Nicht ruhen Magdalena kundt* (Cöln, 1623), harmonized by C. W.





2 Magdalen, bind upon thee now
Garland of gladness o'er thy brow:
Banish'd afar is grief and pain:
Welcome is sunshine after rain.
For Jesu Christ the world hath freed,
Triúmphing over Death indeed.

℟. Alleluya (viij).

3 Magdalen, joy! Dispel thy gloom;
Jesus hath left his three-day tomb.
Lo, the sad scene is past away:
Foughten hath he and won the day.
Him whom thou mournest 'mid the dead,
Go greet him ris'n, as he foresaid.

℟. Alleluya (viij).

4 Magdalen, up! With wonder scan
Thy risen God, the Son of man.
Gaze on his features debonaire,
View the five wounds which he doth bear;
Those glist'ring pearls, with virtue rife,
Those trophies of his victor-strife.

℟. Alleluya (viij).

5 Magdalen, rear aloft thy head!
Back from the darkness Light hath sped.
Throb may thy pulse with joy to-day;
Death and his might are done away.
So let thy sometime grief retire,
For now thou seest thine heart's desire.

℟. Alleluya (viij).

95 Tell it out, the Story

¶ Words of Psalm xcvi. 10–13, versified by G. R. W., for the Melody of *Wehe, Windgen, wehe*, an old Belgian Song, set by Samuel Scheidt (*c.* 1587–1654).

Tell it out, the sto - ry, Wher - e'er the hea - then be, ... THE GOD OF GLO - RY WAS REIGN - ING FROM THE TREE.

2 He (and time shall prove it)
Hath fashion'd earth so vast
That none can move it,
For he hath set it fast.

3 He (let every steeple
Proclaim it in good sooth)
Shall judge the people
In equity and truth.

4 Heav'n and earth be cheery,
And let the sea's abyss
Be no more dreary,
Nor aught that therein is.

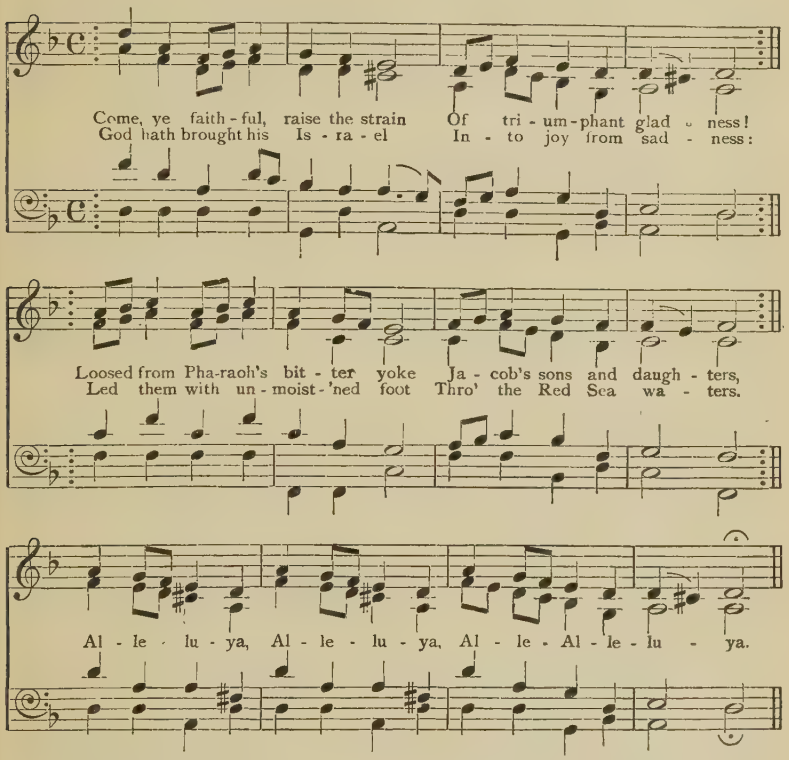
5 Bless, ye fields, your Maker,
And trees, with one accord,
Of wood-land acre,
Rejoice before the Lord.

6 For he cometh truly,
To judge mankind on earth,
And guerdon duly
Each act of whatso worth.

7 Tell it out, the story,
Where'er the heathen be,
THE GOD OF GLORY
WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE.

96 Come, ye faithful, raise the Strain

¶ Words by St. John Damascene (Ἄισωμεν πάντες λαοί, κ.τ.λ.), translated by J. M. Neale. Tune and Setting by J. H. Schein (1586–1630).



Σήμερον ἔαρ ψυχῶν.

2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst his prison,
And from three days' sleep in death,
As a sun, hath risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From his light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying. [Alleluya.]

Ἡ βασιλὶς τῶν ὡρῶν.

3 Now the Queen of Seasons, bright
With the Day of Splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render:
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
Jesu's Resurrection. [Alleluya.]

Πύλαι θανάτου, Χριστέ.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That thy Peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing. [Alleluya.]

97 Sun, if thou think thy Sphere

¶ Chanson du Roy Louis XIII. Tune of *Tu crois, O beau soleil,* harmonized by C. W.: words by G. R. W.

Sun, if thou think thy sphere Hath ne-ver in the world his peer, Je-

sus, who lent thee light, Is thou-sand-fold more bright. Thy

be but dim In the splen-dour of him.

rays be but dim In the splen-dour of him.

be but In the

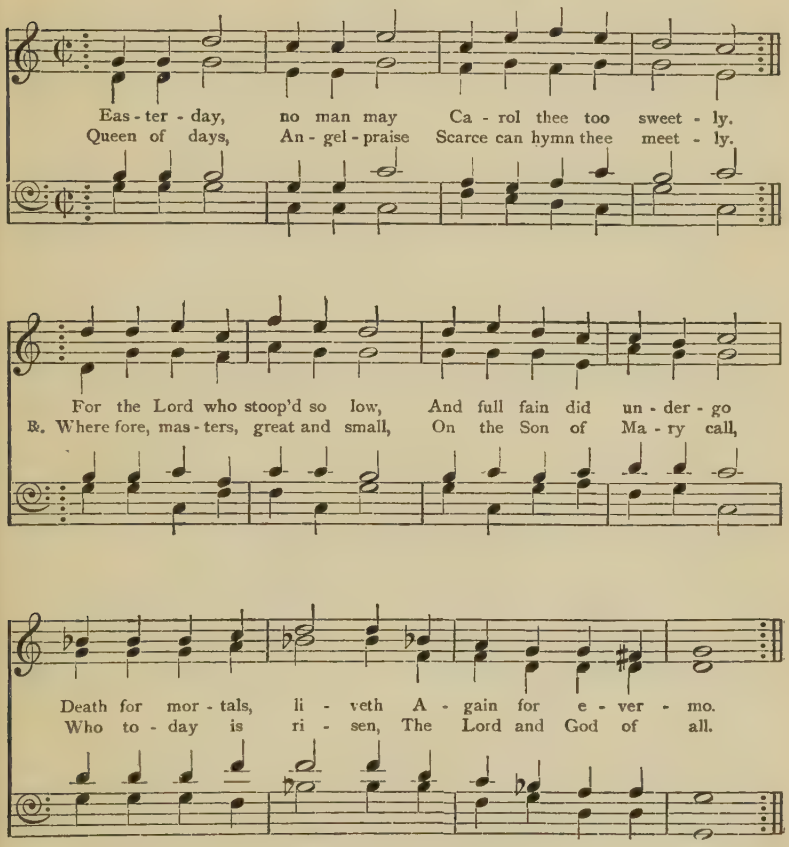
but dim In the splen-dour of him.

2 Stint, nightingale! And hush
Carolling, linnet, merle and thrush.
For after Jesu's voice
In nought else I rejoice.
The charms of his name
Put your music to shame.

3 No longer, month of May,
Brag of thy vesture green and gay:
For eye hath never scann'd
The sights that he hath plann'd,
The which be in store
For his own, evermore.

98 Easter-day, no man may

¶ Original words written by G. R. W., for an old Allemande, *Also geht's, also steht's*; harmonized by Samuel Scheidt (*c.* 1587–1654)



2 Through the sparr'd and well-barr'd
Portals of his prison,
Goddès Son, victory won,
From the dead is risen.
Ere that day had clear'd the gloom,
E'en as from the Virgin womb,
Watch and seal defying,
Our Saviour left the tomb.
℟. Wherefore, masters, great and small, etc.

3 For mankind, bear 't in mind,
On the Tree he mounted:
And, to quell powers of hell,
Was transgressor counted.
On Good Friday he was slain.
But to-day he lives again,
That his ransomed people
With him in bliss may reign.
℟. Wherefore, masters, great and small, etc.

99 Now Spring is come, and Earth renew'd

¶ Words by G. R. W. Tune of *Ein meidlein zu dem brunnen gieng* (16th cent.), harmonized by G. R. W.

Hypo-dorian Mode.

(*a*)

1. Now Spring is come, and earth re-new'd With fo-li-age and flow-er,
Which, gend-'red by the Sun, is dew'd With time-ly A-pril show-er:

No lon-ger ra-geth Eas-tern gale, That held for weeks to-

ge-ther: But bal-my Wes-tern winds un-veil, O'er

meads of herb and hea-ther, Fair wea-ther, fair wea-ther.

[(*a*) *may be sung to verses* 1, 3 *and* 5: (*b*) *to verses* 2, 4 *and* 6.]

(b)

2. 'Tis cuc-koo-time: now tur - tle - dove With plain-tive note is woo - ing
His mate up - on the elm a - bove, And stin - teth not his coo - ing.

C. F.

The lave-rock wing - eth up - ward road With ca - rol blithe and

mer - ry; The night - in - gale en - tu - neth ode 'Mid

ap - ple bloom and per - ry, Or cher - ry, or cher - ry.

3 The busy bees flit here and there,
Now sunbeam waxeth stronger,
And garden-plot and tree go bare
Of drapery no longer:
The air is fraught with savour sweet,
The fruits of earth are springing:
The mountain is with joy replete;
The valley-land is ringing
With singing, with singing.

4 Now cattle graze in pasture green;
The ewes do feed beside them,
Whose lambkins frolic morn and e'en;
Such pleasure doth betide them:
The fish with glittery scales, that swim
The deep pool and the shallow,
Rise playful to the river-brim,
Where grows the reed, the sallow,
And mallow, and mallow.

5 Then, O my soul, as everything
At Easter-tide is glad'ned,—
And as the world itself doth sing,
Which winter-time had sad'ned;—
As frozen earth is thaw'd by breath
Of western breeze that bloweth,—
As seed, awake from sleep of death,
In gay apparel showeth,
And groweth, and groweth,—

6 Then, with yon lark and nightingale,
O'er field and woody acre,
Bear thou thy part, and chanting hail
The triumph of thy Maker,
Who died to rescue thee from sin,
And from thy foe infernal;
Who rose again, that man might win
The joy of Spring supernal,
Eternal, eternal.

100 On Easter-morn, ere Break of Day

¶ Words of Αἱ Μυροφόροι γυναῖκες, and Φωτίζου, φωτίζου, sung by the Greek Church at *Lauds* on Easter-day, translated by G. R. W. Melody of *On a bank of flowers ae simmer day*, harmonized by C. W.

On Eas - ter morn, ere break of day The three Saint Ma - ries
To - ward the tomb where Je - sus lay, Al - rea - dy three days

sped Light seem'd the bur - den that they bore Of
dead.

myrrh and spice, a good - ly store, When came they fast, The

Sab - bath past, To salve his Bo - dy o'er.

2 But at his grave they saw a sight,
The stone was roll'd away;
And thereon sat an Angel bright,
Which unto them did say:
"Fear not: Go tell the Eleven that he
Precedes them into Galilee,
O'er is the strife;
The Lord of Life
Hath won the victorie."

3 Rise, New Hierusalem, and shine,
For Christ thy Light is risen!
Syon, exult! Thy Lord divine
Hath burst his three-day prison.
Thou, Mother, too, of God, be glad
Because thy Son, whom Jewry had
On Friday slain,
Doth live again,
In robe of glory clad.

101 Farewell, Night with Mist o'er-shrouded

¶ After *Ite noctes, ite nubes*, words by G. R. W. Highland Melody, harmonized by C. W.

Dorian Mode.

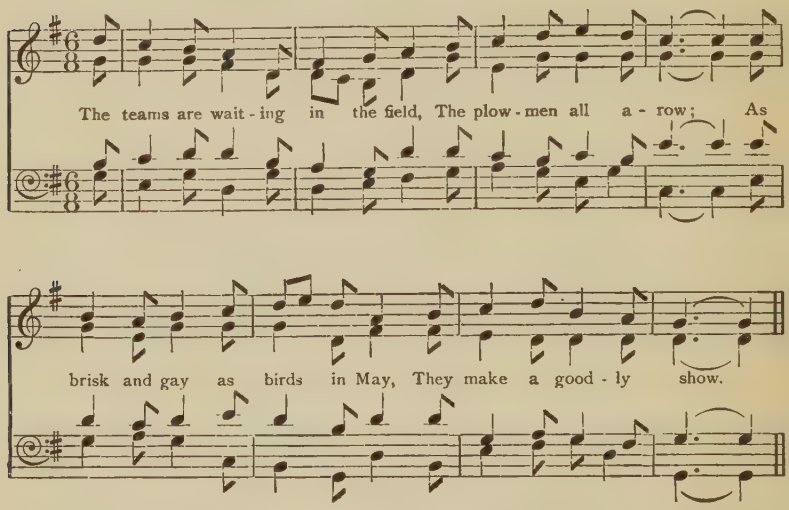
Fare - well, night with mist o'er-shrou-ded! Fare - well, star and twi - light gloom! Wel - come, sun - shine un - be-cloud - ed! Win - ter make for May - day room! Heav'n and earth, Isle and o - cean, Frith and firth, Sing for mirth.

2 Fertilized by April shower,
Wood and meadow, clap the hand!
Blossom, desert, into flower,
Deck thy face, O pasture-land!
From the fell,
Merrie rillet,
'Fresh thou well
Dale and dell.

3 Know ye not that Christ is risen?
He hath harried death and hell,
Leading spirits forth from prison
Long constrain'd therein to dwell,
Raising his
Ransomed people
From th' abyss
Up to bliss.

102 The Teams are waiting in the Field

¶ Words by J. M. Neale (1818–1866). Melody of *Chevy Chace* (time of Queen Elizabeth), harmonized by C. W.



2 The farmer stands, and sees all hands
Turn'd out and ready now;
Yet, ere they start, with all our heart
We'll say, God speed the plow!

3 We plow the field; but He must yield
His sunshine and his rains:
In hope we plow, in hope we sow,
That He may bless our pains.

4 Tis even weight, and furrow straight,
That bears away the bell;
So off! and now God speed the plow,
And send the plowman well!

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